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"HADDON HALL," SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW OPERA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE: THE FLIGHT OF DOROTHY VERNON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is claimed, I read, by the admirers of travelling by coach that it tends to promote social intercourse; that the passengers are much more ready to converse than in a railway carriage. It is not taken into consideration, however, that they have nothing else to do. To read a book—even one of the Hundred Best Ones—on the top of a coach is difficult, and to read a newspaper impossible; and one can scarcely play whist, except inside, where no one wants to be. The fine-weather coach-travellers of the present day, who ride for two or three hours through a country selected for its beauty, and come back by train, have no idea what weariness and discomfort such a mode of travel used to entail. The box-seat, which is such an object of ambition to them, was the worst of all for a long journey. The conversation even of the coachman was apt to pall after the points of the team had been exhausted, and that of the passengers was not very brilliant. Indeed “the insides” in this respect had the best of it. It was as inside passengers that the two practical jokers distinguished themselves who took their places in different parts of London, and, as apparent strangers, agreed in seeing things out of window which had no existence except in their own imagination, to the great alarm of their fellow-travellers: oak-trees on Salisbury Plain, and, though “inland far” they were, the ships at sea. It was inside a coach that Keats (or was it Shelley?) jarred the nerves of the rest of the company by his proposition to Leigh Hunt—

For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

But it was quite exceptional to meet such interesting passengers by coach.

“Do not shoot at the organist, he does his best,” was a well-known appeal to impatient members of a congregation in the Western States. It will be necessary to repeat it in this country as regards the cyclist, if a recent example is generally followed. An individual has got into trouble for shooting at this not “harmless,” but it would now seem “necessary,” hunter of our roads. The difference of the two cases lies in the fact that this gentleman shot at cyclists when they were doing their best. The attempt to beat “a record” appears to have particularly excited him. In one sense, it is true, he shot at his game when “sitting”—a very unsportsmanlike thing to do—but then they are always sitting, even when flying. There will be doubtless many apologists for his conduct; for the cyclist—out of his own cycle, or circle—is not popular. Elderly gentlemen, the nervous, the nearsighted, and all females detest his stealthy speed, his tireless—no, his untiring—wheel, and shrink from the flash of his lantern, the ting of his bell. But this would-be benefactor of his species, as is the way with enthusiasts, carried his zeal too far. Like many of the cyclists themselves, he does not seem to have known how—or at least when—to stop. There is not much, perhaps, to be said against his blazing away with a revolver at a man or two, and still less at “two boys on a sociable”—what is called a “right and left” shot, or “the double barrel”—but he also shot at a lady doing an excellent record on a tricycle. This, most people will agree, was going too far, and, if she, for her part, had not been going too fast, might have had serious consequences. It is curious, but whenever a man becomes an anti-everything—whether it is smoking or drinking or cycling—moderation seems to be impossible with him.

It is difficult to effect a contract for the sale of an idea, unless it assumes some mechanical shape, but I really think I have hit upon a literary notion which is worth a good deal of money. It may naturally be inquired, “Then why don't you use it yourself?” But the answer is equally simple, “Because it is beyond my powers.” The fact is, it is in connection with ladies' attire, from describing which both ignorance and modesty make me shrink; and yet how very popular with the female sex such descriptions seem to be! In novels written “by ladies for ladies,” as the phrase goes, the attire of the heroine seems to be even more attractive than the catalogue of her personal charms. I envy the talent of these writers beyond anything, but I am unable to imitate them, for I hardly know one style of dress from another. When I meet one of the other sex, it is not her dress which attracts my attention; and if there is nothing else meritorious about her I am afraid I do not look at her twice. But when one woman looks at another, I notice that it is to criticise her dress, and that all her other attributes are of comparatively small importance. Now, this is the sex which (much above the other, because it reads more fiction) I am, as a storyteller, desirous to please; and though I can't do it myself, I can show how it can be done, to admiration. Let the heroine have an attire, described at great length; for every action she undertakes, and also for every emotion of the mind. It must be suitable, of course, and distinguished by the finest gradations. The engaged young person, for example, ought to be attired in a particular way; she ought, on the morning after the hero has popped the question and been accepted, to be described at her toilette, with every article of her attire in sympathy with

her new condition. I couldn't describe such a thing myself for a thousand pounds, but there are plenty of lady novelists (with the help of their dressmakers) who could. When the engagement is broken off, quite another sort of apparel might be worn: it should be a tender grey, I suppose, but at the same time with a very visible streak of colour somewhere, to show that she is open to another engagement, and the sooner the better. The “mitigated grief” department of our mourning houses is too well known to make it necessary to dwell upon attire after domestic calamity; but this, too, admits of the most varied and significant treatment. If the novel (as is most likely) is of a scandalous character, a great deal of attention, at least a whole chapter, should be devoted to the “elopement” robe. Some suspicion of “a fall” might be even conveyed in the lace, perhaps; but that is just one of the details of which I am not qualified to speak. The whole gamut of feminine life, or what seems to occupy a good deal of it, might be thus described, with a suitable accompaniment of incident, from the robe of the new-born babe (this at great length) down to that exquisite garment (pinked) in which, though her last, the heroine is always described as looking her loveliest.

I ask nothing from the lady novelists for this excellent “tip,” but they might arrange for something handsome for me with their dressmakers; for it would certainly be a great convenience for this new departure in fiction to be furnished with foot-notes—nor would this part of the plan be a complete innovation—informing the reader where, for example, the best-made “broken engagement” and “elopement” robes were to be procured. I am quite sure that there will be “money in this,” and I venture to hope a little gratitude also.

If the last fairy tale of science—the auriferous aërolites fallen at Idaho—should prove true, meteoric stones may come to be reckoned among the precious ones. To the moralist a godsend of this kind will be especially welcome, since gold which falls from heaven can hardly be called dross. Even to less exalted minds it seems a much more agreeable method than having to dig for it. It is certain, too, that science will be stimulated to attract, if it be possible, these valuable visitors. The rain-making companies will probably turn their attention in this direction, and we shall see (in the financial papers) glowing advertisements of the adaptability of their old machinery for this more lucrative undertaking. It will, indeed, be a much better “plant” than the other. If they know their business they will get an overlooker—or rather an underlooker—killed by an auriferous aërolite while in discharge of his duty. The venue must necessarily be laid at some distance, but the expense of telegraphing will be nothing compared with the commercial value of the paragraph. Such a fate would be unparalleled since that of Miss Kilmansegg, which in other respects was much less extraordinary. The idea, indeed, of this species of aërolite is entirely novel, though some very extraordinary views have been held upon the subject. It is asserted by one who made them his study that stony meteorites have become in recent ages more common than iron ones, “doubtless by providential design, since man has now learnt to obtain that metal for himself by other means.” In the ages when we were dependent on meteorites for our supplies the output in our ironworks must have been intermittent.

Among the “criminal animals” pointed out by the *Spectator's* detective, the vampire, so far as I remember, found no place. This seemed strange, since, next to the bull and the mad dog, it is the most often used by novelists, though for a different purpose. The heroine is rescued from the two first after prodigies of valour, whereas the last is the instrument of punishment reserved for the villain in the third volume. It now appears from a recent science note on British Guiana, where the vampire has his residence, that the *Spectator* was correct. “The large bat called *Vampyrus spectrum* never sucks blood at all, but, when not eating insects, is a strict vegetarian.” Its canine teeth are only used for tearing open the skins of fruit. It is the *Desmodus rufus*, a little creature which, compared with the vampire, is as the bat used for rounders to the cricket bat, which revels in human gore. For the future let sensation novelists and others abstain from defaming this maligned animal, which leaves the court (of scientific inquiry) without a stain.

It is hard upon the criminal classes that not only all the detective stories are written with a distinct bias against them, but that the hints and “tips” conveyed in them are useful to their antagonists and never to themselves. Even the biographies of successful thieves suggest very little that is of advantage to them; some examples of low cunning and audacity at most, with nothing of ingenuity. The Sherlock Holmeses are always on the side of the big battalions—the police force; yet what “wrinkles” he could give the others if he had a mind! When Dr. Doyle has described the last of his friend's feats in the legitimate line—i.e., on behalf of order—it will still remain to him to picture his detective as having changed sides, and devoting his stupendous intellect to the carrying out of nefarious undertakings and the concealment of his crimes. This

idea of varying the motive strikes me as a really good one, and I present it to him very willingly, only asking him to interest me as much in his second series—what the artists would call his “later manner”—as in his first. What is much needed for persons “in trouble,” and especially for those caught *in flagrante delicto*, is a good excuse, an explanation on the spur of the moment for their each having, for example, three gold watches about them. To Mr. Sherlock Holmes this would be (literally) as easy as lying, but poor Mr. William Sikes is utterly unequal to these situations. An instance of this kind occurred only the other morning in Bloomsbury. A gentleman was stopped by a policeman at two a.m. and requested to explain the fact of his carrying four umbrellas. It had been a fine day, so that even one seemed unnecessary. The best account he could give of himself was that his mistress had been out at a party and he was carrying her property home. The inefficiency of an excuse of this sort is really lamentable. In no society, not even in Bloomsbury, do ladies take four umbrellas to an evening party. It would have been better for the poor wretch to have announced himself as a “Japanese nobleman of the first class, who, in deference to Western customs, was wearing four umbrellas instead of four swords.” This would at least have staggered the policeman, as being something out of his beat. Mr. Holmes, of course, could have accounted for the thing in the simplest manner, and probably persuaded the policeman to help him to carry the umbrellas. In another case, three individuals are found, armed to the teeth, under the pantry table of a gentleman's house, who have no better explanation to give of their position than “they were getting out of the rain.” These excuses are pitiful, and almost pathetic.

The gentleness with which Board-school boys are treated in comparison with those of the upper classes causes the same want of ingenuity among the juveniles. Parents do not complain if their boys are flogged at Eton; Papa even murmurs that he remembers being “swished” himself, and is under the impression that it did him good. But if a hand—without even a cane in it—is laid upon a Board-school boy, his Pa and Ma are up in arms, and inquire through the public press whether their offspring is to be “brutalised.” Excuses for playing truant, which, in the case of public-school boys, have to be constructed, like the camel of the German philosopher, out of their own consciousness, are made for less aristocratic youths by their mothers. The other day one of these ladies “had heard the school was being painted,” and declined to permit her Tom, who was delicate, to risk the consequences of being exposed to such an atmosphere. This youth was discovered, doubtless with a view of carrying out sanitary precautions to the uttermost, smoking a cigarette outside the building. In old times there were opportunities for a much greater exercise of the intelligence. Perhaps the best card to play in the hand of the schoolboy of the past was measles. Even the most “favourable eruption” aroused apprehension and put the schoolmaster on his side at once, for fear of infection. I knew a boy, who has since greatly distinguished himself in life (one need hardly say in the legal profession), who got three long vacations all to himself by means of this malady, which, after all, never “declared itself.” The doctor said it “never took properly”; but the lad, at all events, knew when to take it.

The case of the late literary frauds and that of a certain gentleman acting on his own account, investigated upon the same day, afford some curious contrasts, and lead to the conclusion that in commercial transactions of a delicate kind it is much better to be a limited company than an individual. Supposing the delicacy in both cases to be equal, the individual, as regards the success of his operations, “withers” (as the poet expresses it), while the company flourishes like a green bay-tree. There is something, it would seem, in the monosyllable “Co.,” notwithstanding its suggestion of familiarity, which inspires respect in the British breast and breast-pocket. Not one man's fortune, we think, but many fortunes must be at the back of an undertaking thus described. In the case of the Charing Cross and City of London Publishing Companies this does not appear to have been the case. There were, it is true, six members composing it, but they could not muster even half-a-crown among them to pay their laundress, a circumstance which compelled them to remove to less eligible premises. And yet they made £2400 in one locality and £600 in another. They had, indeed, to do with literary persons who knew nothing of business and were wildly desirous of publication, but, considering the absence of capital, their gains were prodigious. Now, the other operator, compared with these gentlemen, was a man of means: he had a banking account, with at one time no less than £75 in it, and with a banking account (we have Jim the Penman's word for it) we can “do anything.” Yet he did nothing—that is, nobody, or next to nobody. With such a capital he naturally expected to inspire confidence; he had amassed it, like one of Mr. Smiles's men, from nothing at all, but he did not even get credit for that. If he had been a limited company—five single gentlemen rolled into one—he would certainly have had a better chance.

LONDON IN AUTUMN.

A writer in the *Spectator* has touched a chord in the hearts of Londoners who love the great city, or some special part of it, with a passion which is rarely articulate. Exuberant expression is not characteristic of the Londoner in regard to anything, and on the subject of the picturesque he is exceptionally reticent. You will see him stop for a moment on a bridge when light and water have made one of their most enchanting combinations, or some indefinable radiance transfigures the commonplaces of roof and steeple, and he will mutter gruffly, as if half ashamed of the sentiment, "Pretty bit, that!" There is a convention abroad that London is an ugly inchoate mass, and it needs some nerve even in a company of professed lovers of the picturesque to interject a tribute to the beauty of London in the midst of raptures about some foreign city which is perpetually on show. The *Spectator* mentions some of the spots in London which have a particular charm, especially in the atmosphere of autumn, when the countless—but, alas! not smokeless—grates relax the task of charging the heavens with sooty vapour. There is a certain moment in the afternoon when even the most unobservant pedestrian who crosses the lake in St. James's Park may be struck by a sudden revelation. The ordinary sights just at this point are familiar enough. The lake in St. James's Park is equally famous for the aristocracy of its ducks and the inexperience of its oarsmen. When the enamoured but inexpert swain wishes to treat his adored to the delights of a water-party, he hires a skiff on this lake, and exhibits to ducks and men a marvellous style of sculling. The owner of the boats proclaims his readiness to teach the art; but he has no pupils, for his customers have too much at stake to acknowledge their ignorance in the eyes which they are striving to please. The ducks are as complacent as the scullers, and the observer who lingers at the water's edge is regaled by a succession of little broods paraded before him by proud mothers with dazzling plumage, who direct the operations of the tiny balls of yellow fluff, from which emerge beaks opened wide by the hereditary expectation of crumbs.

But the particular moment of the afternoon has arrived, and the casual Rambler who looks towards Whitehall sees a wondrous illumination of the grey spires which by some unconscious stroke of architectural genius have been clustered there. At night there is a charming view of a different kind from the same spot, when the lights are twinkling round the lake, and the Government offices stand out in dim outline against the sky. There is nothing in all London like that picture in St. James's Park. It haunts you with the sweetness of a strain you heard years ago from some cunning master of the violin. You do not walk up St. James's Street in this poetic mood, for the aspect of the veteran clubman at his favourite window is scarcely a stimulus to romance. Still, you can appreciate the sentiment of the military exile in India who, when a brother officer yearned to see a sunrise from the Himalayas, said he would rather see the clock of St. James's Palace.

Though it keeps the most dissipated hours, St. James's Street meets the morning sun with an almost peach-like bloom. It is true that the West-End actually wears a mantle of simplicity about the time of cock-crow. Pass through Mayfair at dawn, and you will think the world has been born again and is wrapped in the slumber of an innocent babe. The illusion survives even the first stir of awakening life, when shutters are opened, and a flutter of housemaids passes over the front of a house like the white wing of a bird. But presently—whether with the appearance of the London milk or the passage of some belated night-owl, it is hard to say—the wrinkles of age begin to strike the eye. The garment of innocence is gone like a vapour, and the street leisurely dons its garb of hoary convention and sets about the hollow mockeries of the day.

Sitting in a chair in the deserted Row on Sunday afternoon, the Rambler probably shapes to himself the idea which, more or less indefinitely, is in all his opinions about London. He is not a man of fashion; he does not ride; the Row has no individual attraction for him. But here he feels strongly that the æsthetic side of his citizenship belongs only to a certain area. He has his own map of the Metropolis. Its boundaries are limited; beyond them is the desert. Business and necessity may take him into regions where people are apparently as civilised as himself. They have all the means which are at his disposal. They dwell in houses which are not absolutely repulsive; they have even parks and gardens which they are ready to extol to him. But the atmosphere he loves is not here. The glamour of Piccadilly Circus is not upon the Elephant and Castle. One letter of the alphabet distinguishes Kennington from Kensington, but what a gulf yawns between them! Brompton may have scant claim upon his imagination, but it is poetry embodied compared with Brixton. This partisanship of the picturesque makes it a positive pain to cross Westminster Bridge, and the return to Pall Mall a rapture after a temporary exile at Tooting. Democracy may level our institutions, and Socialism distribute our petty cash with severe impartiality; but no devouring spirit of equality will ever make a palace on Clapham Common as rich in fancy as a penny chair in the sweet autumnal shade of Rotten Row.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

A notable and picturesque figure has passed away in the Duke of Sutherland, who died with surprising suddenness at his principal seat in Scotland, Dunrobin Castle, on Sept. 22. His illness seemed at first to arise from a slight chill, but a medical examination after death showed the existence of an internal ulcer of the gravest character. The late Duke—the third of his line—was born in 1828, and was in his sixty-fifth year. Young, handsome, rich, and clever, he first married a very charming and attractive woman, who enjoyed the Queen's close friendship till the day of her death, in 1888. She was created Countess of Cromartie in her own right, her title and estates descending to her second son, the Earl of Cromartie. The Duke himself played an active and often an adventurous part in the social, industrial, and, occasionally, the political life of his period. He travelled much, knew literary, artistic, and diplomatic Europe well; and it was therefore fitting that he should entertain Garibaldi during the Italian hero's visit to England. As Marquis of Stafford he was for some years member for Sutherlandshire, and his name was often before the public. With a touch of the modern knight-errant about him, he was in the midst of more than one thrilling adventure and catastrophe. He was on board the Great Eastern when, during her trial, the dreadful accident occurred to one of her boilers, and some of the stokers were horribly burned and scalded. He showed, by all accounts, the greatest coolness and devotion to the work of succour. A great yachtsman, there are few ports of call in the civilised or uncivilised world that have not been familiar with him and his fine vessel. Of late

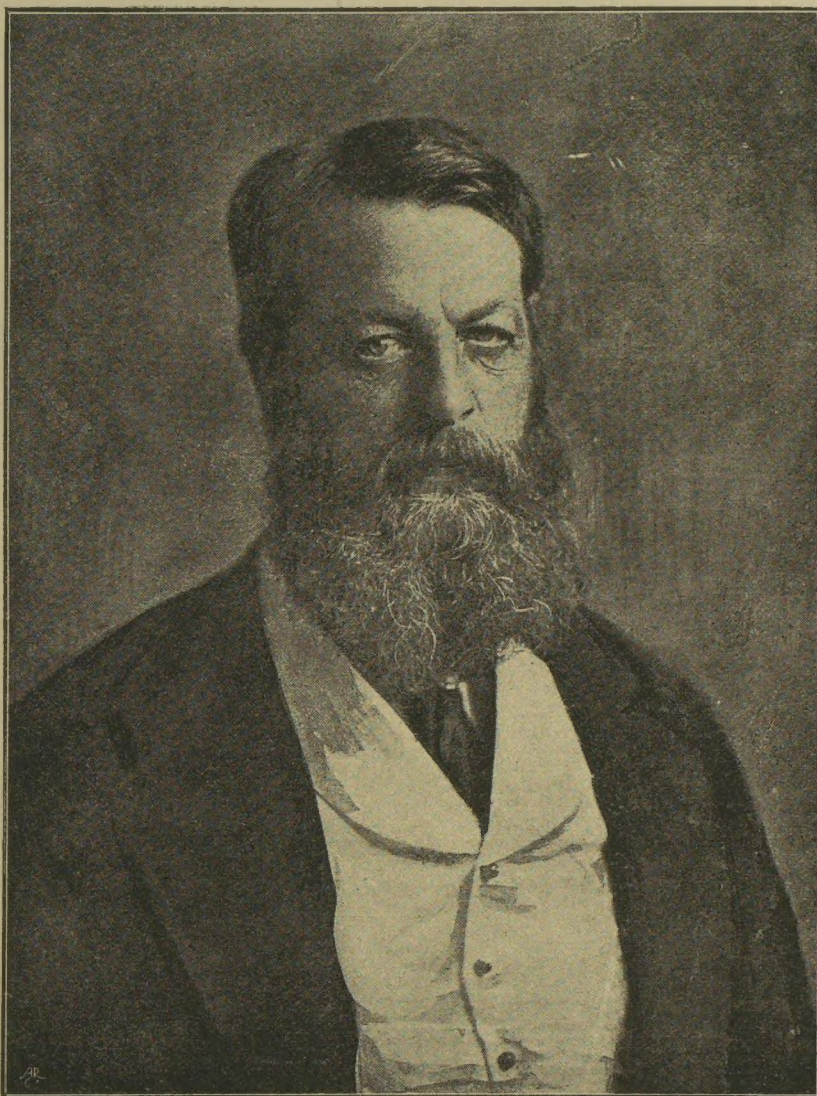


Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

years some social troubles did something to mar his old popularity and the sumptuousness—for it was little less—of his hospitalities at Trentham and Dunrobin Castle. Some of his smaller exploits were piquant enough. He loved to ride on a fire-engine, and he understood and often practised on his own Highland railways the business of engine-driving.

It is, however, as the active industrial entrepreneur that the Duke made his chief mark on the history of his time. The earlier management of the family's vast Scottish estates has been severely criticised, but the present Duke was unquestionably a man of large and liberal ideas, and his work in developing his Scottish and Highland estates, connecting them with costly railways, working their mineral wealth, and improving the soil and its accessibility, stands to-day as his chief industrial monument. For some extensions of the Highland Railway, of which he was a director, he paid himself, and it was once put in evidence that he and his father between them had spent over £600,000 in works on the Dunrobin estate. Over £200,000 was lent by him to the Highland Railway at very low interest, and the famous extension to Strone Ferry was largely his work. This curious combination of a man of the great world, an adventurous pleasure-seeker, a landlord of a singularly modern type, and a shrewd industrial magnate gave the Duke of Sutherland a certain distinction which he never lost. Personally, he was a noteworthy man—tall, handsome, and with fine features and bold expression. Of late he dropped a good deal out of society, though he was occasionally seen, with his second Duchess, at picture shows and other functions.

THE STORY OF "HADDON HALL."

The opera of "Haddon Hall," at the Savoy Theatre, is dealt with at length elsewhere in its musical aspect. For its foundation Mr. Grundy, the author of the libretto, has taken the semi-historic legend of Dorothy Vernon's elopement from Haddon with John Manners, younger son of the Earl of Rutland. This Mr. Grundy has dated a century later than it actually occurred, in order to provide a comic element out of the Puritan of the Commonwealth.

High revelry is being held at Haddon Hall in honour of the approaching betrothal of Dorothy, daughter of Sir George Vernon, to Rupert Vernon, a cousin whose claims to the estate render it desirable that the succession should be consolidated by marriage. Dorothy, however, is in love with John Manners, espoused, like her father, to the Royalist cause, and a far more pleasing personage in feminine eyes than the unprepossessing Roundhead cousin. When the latter arrives at the Hall, accompanied by some half-dozen Puritan friends, far narrower in their ideas and socialistic in their views than himself, he does not receive a particularly warm welcome, save at the hands of Sir George, who, for reasons aforesaid, insists upon the marriage. Meanwhile, young Manners has sought a secret interview with Dorothy Vernon and made sure that she is constant in her devotion, which, indeed, she further proves by publicly refusing to wed the unsympathetic Rupert. This situation ends the first act—laid, by the way, in a lovely scene by the Terrace at Haddon Hall, filled from time to time with crowds of rustics in picturesque attire and gay with quaint dance and merry song.

The first scene of the second act is devoted to the elopement of Dorothy with her Royalist lover. The incident is watched by the Puritans from behind the trees outside Dorothy's historical door amid a howling tempest. Curiously enough, they make no attempt to stop the clandestine proceedings, but, headed by Rupert Vernon and a bagpipe-playing Highlander, The McCrankie, rush pell-mell into the midst of the dances in the Long Gallery of the Hall and inform Sir George, who has just finished a capital drinking-song, that his daughter has eloped. Thanks to this arrangement, we witness a wonderfully realistic stage storm and a still more marvellous change of scene from the dark exterior to the ball-room, lighted a *giorno* and thronged with guests in the costliest dresses. But, of course, by the time Sir George makes up his mind to cry "To horse!" the runaway lovers are already miles away. Nothing remains but for the guests to take their departure, which they accordingly do, and the pages at once extinguishing the candles, a very pretty picture of daylight streaming through the windows of the deserted gallery furnishes an unconventional "curtain." The last act is short. Rupert Vernon has made good his claim to the Haddon estates and taken possession. In vain he is warned that Charles has been proclaimed King, and commanded him to surrender the Hall. Sir George and Lady Vernon are preparing to quit their home, when John Manners enters in the King's name and restores to the Knight his property and his position. As a matter of course, Dorothy follows at her husband's heels, and is not long in obtaining her father's pardon and welcome back to the ancestral hearth.

THE CHOLERA AT HAMBURG.

In continuing the series of our Illustrations, from sketches by Mr. Schöenberg, our Special Artist, of the sad calamity which has visited the great commercial port and city of Hamburg, and has been fatal to seven or eight thousand lives, we feel bound to express not only compassion for the sufferers and their afflicted families, but also sympathy with the public interests of that community, and of the mercantile and maritime undertakings there carried on with so much energy and general success. Nothing could be further from our intention than to impute to the Hamburg shipowners, in the conduct of their business, indifference to needful precautions on board their vessels against communicating the epidemic, through their crews or passengers, to other countries; and we have learnt with much satisfaction that on board the "Liners" of the Hamburg-American Company, of which steamers nearly all are running as usual, though prevented from calling at certain ports, there have been only five cases of sickness, only one ending fatally. The vessels represented as lying in the Elbe "deserted," in an Illustration which was published a fortnight ago, did not belong to the "Lines" of that company. The harbour of Hamburg, it should be borne in mind, is the most extensive in Continental Europe, and no single view can give a just notion of its actual state on the whole. We now present, from a photograph, a general view of the harbour. With regard to the sanitary condition of the city, in other respects than that of the supply of drinking-water, which is admitted to be very bad, there is testimony not unfavourable in the letter of a special *Times* correspondent published on Sept. 27, who commends the system of main drainage, and who states that the lodging-houses and dwellings of the labouring class are not overcrowded, are nowhere dilapidated, and are kept remarkably clean. Since the cholera broke out, the municipal authorities have done great things in the way of special preventive measures, while the managers of hospitals and the medical practitioners deserve the highest praise.

CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The hundredth anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic—which in the opinion of some Frenchmen has been the *de jure* French Government since then, despite two Napoleonic Empires, a restored Bourbon Monarchy, and an Orleanist Constitutional Monarchy—was celebrated in Paris on Sept. 22, by the present ruling authorities and citizens of a Republic that has actually stood firm and steadfast during twenty-two years, a longer period than either of the other systems named. President Carnot, with the Ministers Loubet, Le Royer, Ribot, and their colleagues, the President of the Senate, and M. Floquet, President of the Chamber of Deputies, in civilian dress, appeared at the Panthéon, seated in gilt and red arm-chairs, on a dais under the great dome, where the inscription, "République Française, Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," with the two dates, 1792 and 1892, was conspicuous in red letters on a ground of gold. Addresses were delivered by M. Loubet, M. Challemeil-Lacour, and M. Floquet; odes were sung by the united choruses of the National Opera and the Opéra Comique, with the orchestra and the band of the Republican Guard. The assembly comprised the Senators and Deputies, judges, members of the Institute, and a multitude of other spectators. In the afternoon there were grand processions, with various emblematic cars, from the Palais de l'Industrie to the Madeleine and along the Boulevards, of which we give an Illustration. At night there was a splendid illumination of the streets of Paris, the Louvre, the Trocadéro, and the Eiffel Tower.

N A P O L E O N ' S H O R S E , M A R E N G O .

In the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution at Whitehall is the skeleton of a horse, a small one of Arab race; below it lie two of the hoofs. The following inscription is at the bottom of the stand: "Barb Horse which Napoleon rode at Waterloo. Presented by Lient.-Colonel J. J. Angerstein, G.G." Near this hangs a framed lithograph, representing a "white," or, rather, grey horse, without saddle or reins, freely careering over the rocks on the sea-shore. It is inscribed in the artist's handwriting, "James Ward, R.A., Pinxt. et Delt. Select Proof retouched by J. W." The horse's name printed beneath is "Marengo." The lithograph further bears record of its publication as follows: "Junior Club, Augt. 1, 1824. R. Ackermann, Strand. Printed by S. Simonds." It has always been supposed that Ward's picture or drawing, the original of which is believed to be still extant, represented the horse belonging to the late General John Julius Angerstein, of Weeting Hall, Norfolk, who joined the Grenadier Guards three years after the Battle of Waterloo, bought this horse in France, brought it to England, and kept it many years.

There is no reason whatever to doubt that when Colonel Angerstein purchased the animal he had made sufficient inquiries and had procured satisfactory attestations of the fact that it was one of Napoleon's riding-horses, and that Napoleon rode it on June 18, 1815, at Waterloo. "Marengo" was a name which Napoleon would be likely to have given to a favourite horse, in memory of his victory over the Austrian and Sardinian allied army in Piedmont, so far back as 1800. Not long before the campaign of Marengo, General Buonaparte had returned from Egypt, and probably brought Arab horses with him to France. He usually rode a grey horse of that breed on occasions of military parade, and has often been so depicted, on the battlefield or on the march, by French historical painters. His stud, under the Empire, may have contained scions of the original stock which he had brought from the East. The likelihood, therefore, of his having ridden at Waterloo a "Marengo" immediately descended from a steed which he bestrode on the plain of Marengo seems beyond dispute, unless it could be proved—which is not proved—that he rode no such horse at Waterloo.

There has been some discussion, however, on this question,

because the honour of having been ridden by Napoleon in his last battle is claimed on behalf of other horses. Among those which he carried away, in 1813, from Baron von Plessen's estate at Ivenach, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was a beautiful grey mare, which Napoleon named "Marie," in honour of the Empress Maria Louisa. Its skeleton is still preserved at Ivenach, the mare having been recaptured by the Prussians

on the day after Waterloo, and is reputed, probably from good evidence, to be that of one of the horses mounted by Napoleon during the battle. But it must be remembered that Napoleon was up very early in the morning, soon after day-break in June, and that the battle ended when it was growing dark in the evening. He mounted and dismounted, in the course of that long day, at least four or five times; and it is distinctly stated by Thiers, in the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," that upon one of these occasions, when his servants brought him "a grey horse badly groomed," Napoleon bade them take it away and bring him another. We are therefore inclined to believe that he rode both Marengo and Marie, and perhaps two or three other horses, as he wanted them fresh, at different hours of that long and terrible day, when his personal movements, as described by the historian, were more varied and active than those of the Duke of Wellington mounted on "Copenhagen."

In the Guard-room at St. James's Palace is a snuff-box, presented by Colonel Angerstein to the Brigade of Guards, which is made of a hoof of the horse whose skeleton is preserved at the United Service Institution. Its silver lid bears inscription: "Hoof of Marengo, barb charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the Campaign of Russia, and finally at Waterloo." Around the hoof runs a silver band, on which is inscribed: "Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him, in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles." Now that the identical horse which Napoleon rode in the year 1800, probably then four years old, went through the campaigns of 1805, 1806, and 1809, the invasion of Russia in 1812 and the retreat from Moscow, perhaps also the campaign of Leipsic, and finally the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, would be rather wonderful if the fact were ascertained; but we cannot learn that there is any evidence to that effect. If such evidence be forthcoming, beyond a mere presumption, it should be supplied to the present custodians of the hoofs and skeleton. In the meantime, we may rest quite satisfied with the authenticity of these relics of an animal which often carried "Cæsar and his fortunes," and almost certainly on the most important occasion.

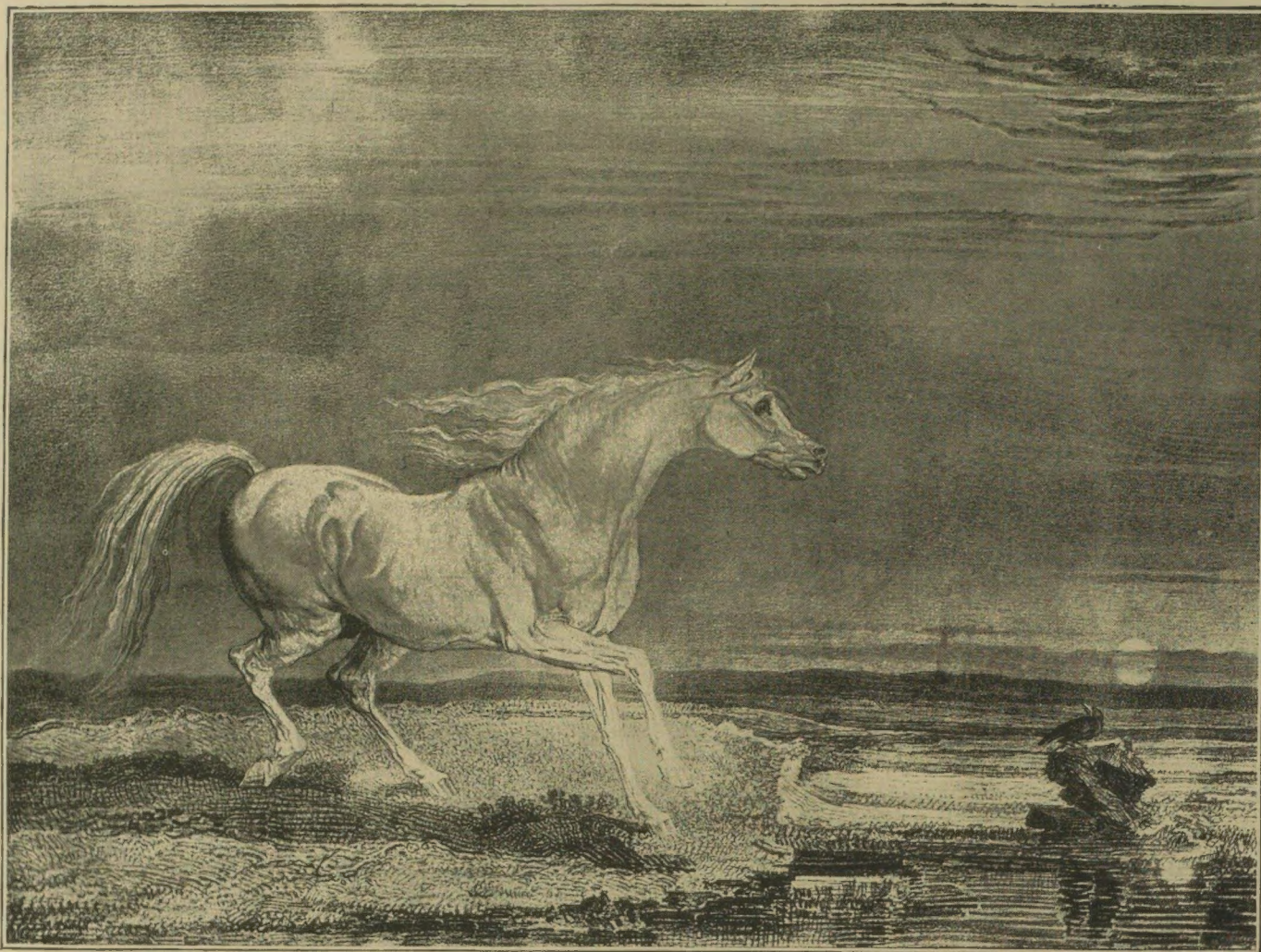
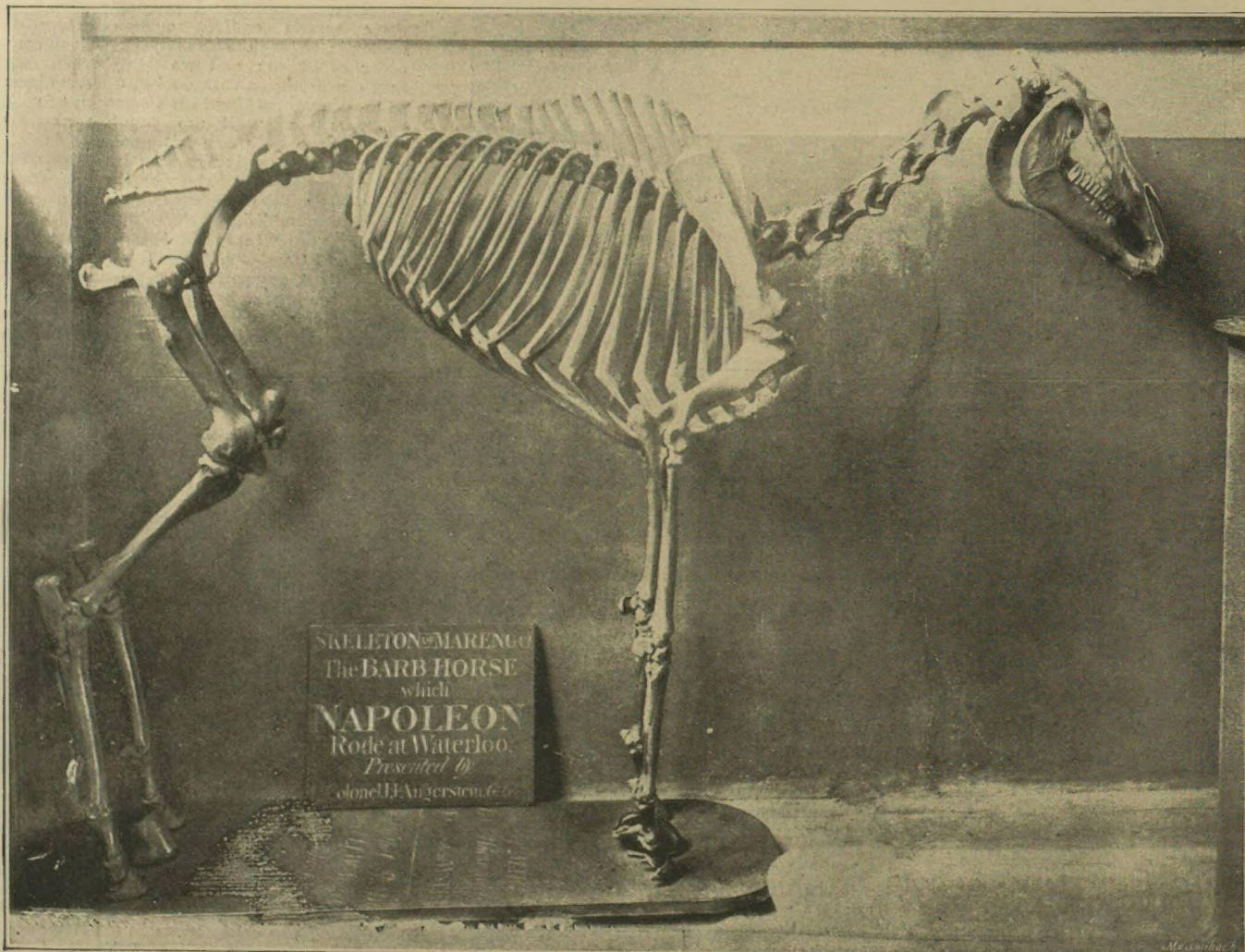


Photo by Russell and Sons.

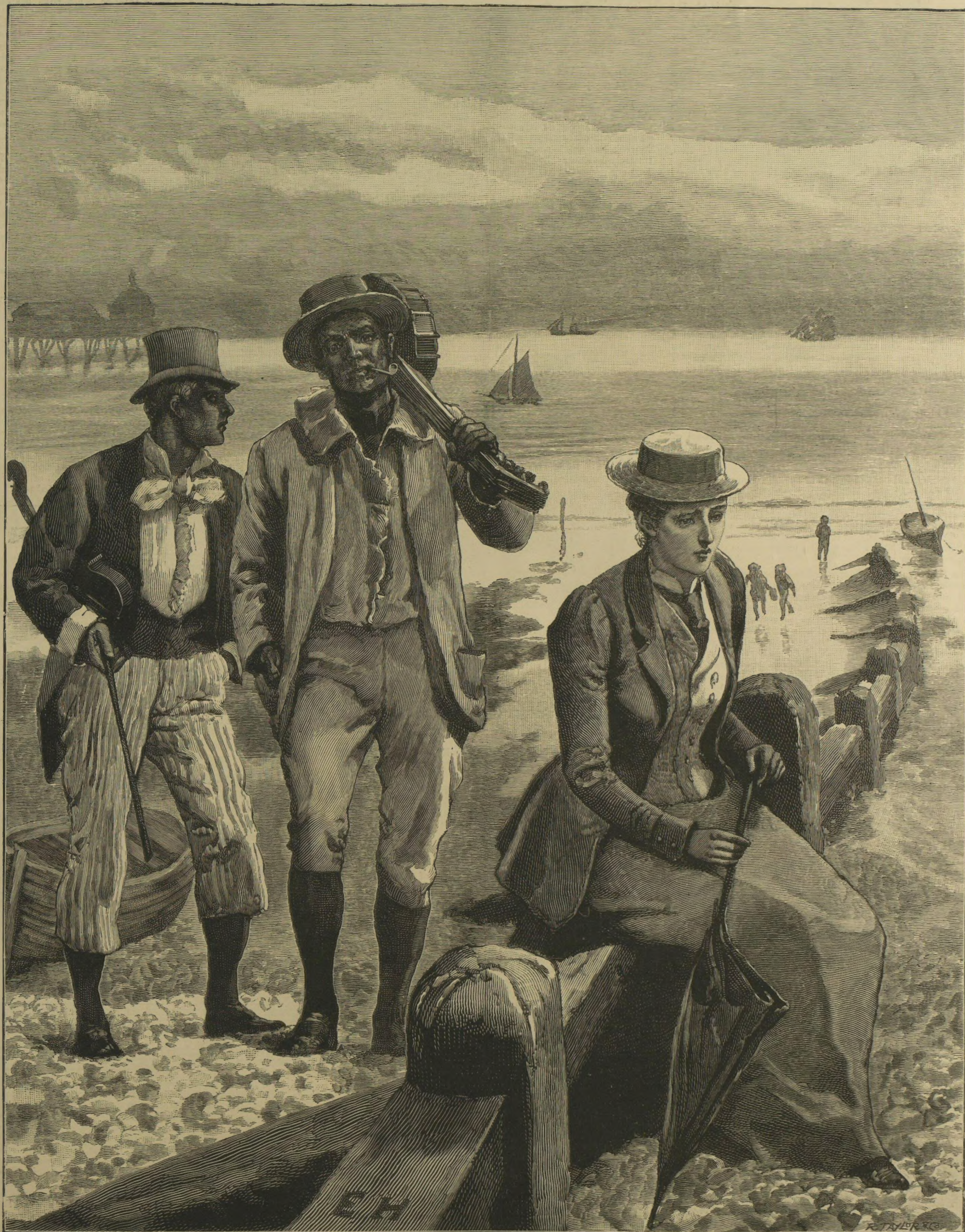
MARENGO, THE FAVOURITE WAR-HORSE OF NAPOLEON I.

FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES WARD, R.A., AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.



SKELETON OF MARENGO, AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

Photo by Russell and Sons.



The last song is ended,
The last laugh done,
The last chorus blended—
Summer is gone.

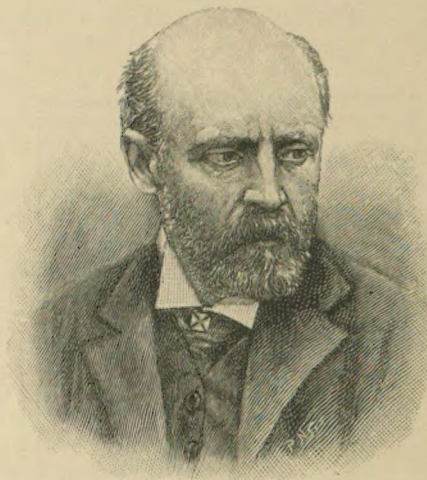
"SUMMER IS GONE."

DRAWN BY EVERARD HOPKINS.

The last word is spoken,
The dream is fled,
The spell is broken—
Summer is dead.

PERSONAL.

A man of some philosophic distinction has just died in the person of Professor Croom Robertson, the well-known editor of *Mind*, and lately Professor of Philosophy at University College.



THE LATE PROFESSOR GEORGE CROOM ROBERTSON.

His rival at the election was the great Dr. Martineau, whose surpassing claims somewhat overshadowed those of his learned but less known rival. Professor Robertson, who was an Aberdeen man, did not live to finish his work on Hobbes, but he helped to edit Grote's

Aristotle, and he was an adept in the history of philosophy. He held his chair at University College for twenty-five years. Though not a great thinker, he has done considerable service to the study of philosophic thought in this country.

The Bishop of Worcester's action in communicating Non-conformists at Grindelwald has given a new opportunity to the Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson. The youthful Vicar of Barking is one of those controversialists who speak with a vigour and freedom which compels attention. He confines himself to ecclesiastical affairs, although, as a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, he might have been pardoned for taking a wider range. He perpetrated a vigorous assault on the Church Army; he attacked the Church Missionary Society for its conduct towards Bishop Blyth; and now, by way of relief, he falls upon the Bishop of Worcester. Mr. Henson went up to Oxford as an unattached student, but made so excellent a use of his opportunities that he took a First in the Honour School of Modern History in 1884. He was in the same list and the same class as Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, Lord Cranborne only getting a second. In the same year he obtained a Fellowship of All Souls, and joined that illustrious company which included Professor Max Müller, Professor Montagu Burrows, Professor A. V. Dicey, and Mr. R. E. Prothero. Mr. Henson first came to London as head of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, and in 1888 accepted the college living of Barking. He is young, impetuous, and too fond of invective. But he is a good preacher, a hard worker, and a man who has the courage of his convictions.

The Rev. Walter O. Purton, whose death was announced last week, was a widely known clergyman of the Evangelical school, and for many years he exercised a considerable influence in the councils of the party. He was editor of the *Record* newspaper from 1869 to 1876, and on his retirement from that journal he founded the *Churchman*, a monthly magazine, which he edited until his death. As a parish priest he did much abiding work in the south of England, where, with one short break, the whole of his ministerial life was spent. His first curacy was at Petworth, to which he was ordained in 1859. In 1866 he became rector of Coombe; but it was at Kingston-by-Sea, in the same county, Sussex, that he did his best work. He was rector there from 1870 to 1888, and, although there were many calls on his attention in London, he always made the claims of his parish—and they were not a few—his first care. In 1888 he was appointed by Lord Halsbury to the rectory of Poynings, which he held to his death. He was a trusted friend of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the noble philanthropist in many of his most difficult undertakings. For a short time he acted as Lord Shaftesbury's chaplain. Mr. Purton led a very active life, and up to the last few years enjoyed excellent health; but at the beginning of this year he showed signs of overwork, and, finally, he succumbed to the strain at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight.

Mr. Asquith is already differentiating his policy at the Home Office from that of his predecessor, Mr. Matthews. His most notable departure will probably be a decision to reopen Trafalgar Square for public meetings, with some restrictions of the unlimited right of assembly, but a practical liberty for orderly political gatherings. The conveners of the meetings may have to give formal notice of their intentions, and it is probable that meetings will be restricted to Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when there is little traffic along the streets converging on the square. Of course, night meetings are not likely to be permitted.

Mr. J. Lawson Walton, who has been elected member for South Leeds in succession to Lord Playfair by a majority of 948, as compared with 1535 obtained by Sir Lyon at the General Election, is a barrister of considerable talent. He is the son of an old President of the Wesleyan Conference, and for a young lawyer (he is only forty years old) has achieved some distinction at the Bar. He was made a Q.C. in 1890, and has a large practice on the North-Eastern Circuit. He has



MR. J. L. WALTON, Q.C., M.P.

already had some acquaintance with politics. Some years ago he was proposed as the Liberal candidate for Battersea, but he promptly withdrew in favour of Mr. John Burns when that formidable opponent appeared in the field. He nearly succeeded in defeating Mr. Gerald Balfour for the Central Division

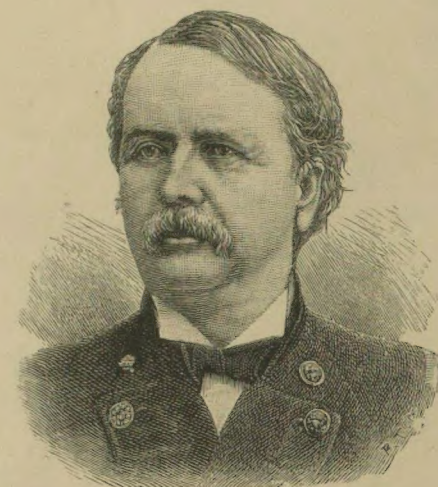
of Leeds, and he appears to be popular in the Southern Division, though his majority shows a considerable falling off from the figures of his predecessor. He is an amiable man, of considerable shrewdness, and is an excellent lawyer.

The following case of conscience, of profound interest to bibliophiles and castuists, is reported by a correspondent of the *Bookman*—

"Sir,—I have been for some time endeavouring to find a copy of Richard Jefferies' 'The Scarlet Shawl.' Two second-hand booksellers of my acquaintance were commissioned to look up a copy. One of them, a fortnight ago, reported a copy at thirty-two shillings. I hesitated, and after a day or two took my way down a familiar street of booksellers. Looking listlessly in a case of sixpenny books, I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw 'The Scarlet Shawl.' I took the book, went into the shop, and handed the bookseller sixpence with averted face. What should I have done?" "C. C."

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, to whose gallantry Princess Louise will pay a gracious and appropriate tribute by presenting the regiment with its new colours, were raised by an ancestor of her husband, the sixth Duke of Argyll, in 1794. The original set, issued so nearly a century ago, were unfortunately lost, but those presented subsequent to the Union in 1801 are preserved in St. Giles's Cathedral, where, in 1883, they were hung with the colours of several other Scottish regiments. A third set, now in Elton Castle, Aberdeenshire, was presented in 1827, and withdrawn in 1845, after being present in many a hard-fought action. The new colours will be the sixth presented to this distinguished regiment; those for which they are to be substituted were consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and presented at Dover in 1869; while the fourth set, which were carefully preserved, with many another trophy, at Inveraray Castle, the historic home of the Campbells, perished in the great fire that did so much mischief there in 1877.

Almost the last of the distinguished military commanders in the American Civil War from 1861 to 1865 has departed by the death of General John Pope on Sept. 24, at New York. He was a Kentucky man, and was, like most of the others, a pupil of the United States Military Academy, an officer who had served with credit in the Mexican War. Being a zealous member of the Republican Free-Soil political party, his opposition to the acts of President Buchanan brought him



THE LATE GENERAL JOHN POPE, U.S.A.

under the censure of a court-martial for military insubordination. President Lincoln's favour was assured to Pope from the outbreak of the great conflict, and he obtained command of the Federal Army of the Mississippi, from which he was transferred to that of the Army of Virginia. His courage, energy, and fidelity were proved in every campaign, but the defeat at Manassas brought his skill and judgment as a field tactician into question, and he was then relieved from his post at his own request.

The late Archbishop Isidor, Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, Novgorod, and Finland, who died on Sept. 19, in the Alexander Nevsky monastery, was ninety-three years old, and had held that high ecclesiastical position more than thirty years. This venerable prelate, in 1841, as Bishop of Moghilev, in Poland, undertook the conversion of the sect called "Uniates" to the Orthodox Church of Russia, after which effort he was preferred to an archiepiscopal see in the Caucasus, and superintended missionary labours in Georgia, it is stated, not only with zeal, but with some success. He officiated, in 1883, at the coronation of the Czar Alexander III. Many decorations and honours were conferred upon him during this reign. His character as a priest and pastor



THE LATE METROPOLITAN OF ST. PETERSBURG.

was highly esteemed by all classes of people in Russia.

Lord Camoys, one of the new Lords-in-Waiting, is the head of an ancient Roman Catholic family, which derives its name from Stonor Manor, near Henley-on-Thames, a seat which it is said they possessed before the Conquest. His lordship, who is only six-and-thirty, is a maternal grandson of the great Sir Robert Peel, and is a supporter of Mr. Gladstone.

"Akbar's Dream and Other Poems" is the title of a new volume of verse by Lord Tennyson, shortly to be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

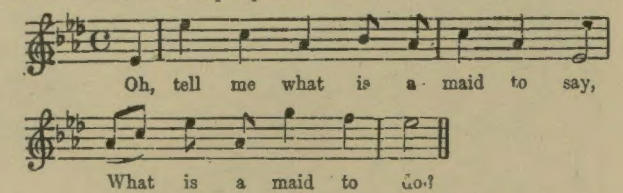
OUR PORTRAITS.

For the portrait of Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C., M.P., in this issue we are indebted to Mr. D. MacIver, of Bond Street, Leeds; and for that of the late Archbishop Isidor, Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, to Mr. Edwin Ransom, Ashburnham Road, Bedford.

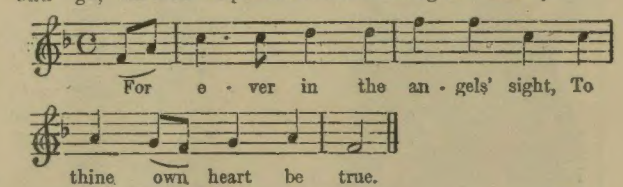
"HADDON HALL," AT THE SAVOY.

Among the brilliant crowd that filled the Savoy when "Haddon Hall" was produced on Saturday, Sept. 24, were two old and faithful friends of the composer—to wit, the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. His Royal Highness came up to town expressly for the event, and, we may add, offered his personal congratulations to Sir Arthur Sullivan after each act. Mr. Gilbert—we betray no secrets—came partly in the guise of *amicus curiæ*, and partly to afford living testimony of a recently made compact to write another opera with his old collaborator, in which latter capacity he was emphatically welcome. The reader would doubtless like to know what the author of the "Bab Ballads" really thought of "Haddon Hall." Sorry are we to be unable to satisfy their curiosity. It may be taken for granted, though, that he recognised more than one trace of his own peculiar style in the dialogue and lyrics of Mr. Sydney Grundy. For, albeit we acquit the librettist of the new opera of any conscious attempt to imitate his predecessor, it must be candidly confessed that he has failed to steer a perfectly clear course between the Scylla of seriousness and the Charybdis of Gilbertianism. Mr. Grundy's "book" is a palpable, but, on the whole, a fairly palatable mixture.

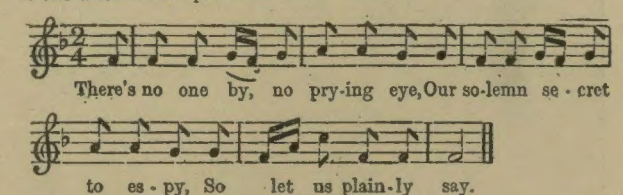
Sir Arthur Sullivan's music reaches a far higher level. It not only does justice to the serious situations, but it lifts out of the ruck of conventionality most of the material devised for the comic relief of the story. The first number that strikes the ear is the quaint song for Dorcas, "Twas a dear little dormouse," which Miss Dorothy Vane sings with unaffected simplicity and expression. The succeeding madrigal is a clever example of a form in which the composer ever excels; and the duet between Dorothy and her mother is exquisitely tuneful and refined. Another graceful duet is that sung by Dorcas and Oswald, leading to a trio in which Dorothy begins with this Sullivanesque phrase—



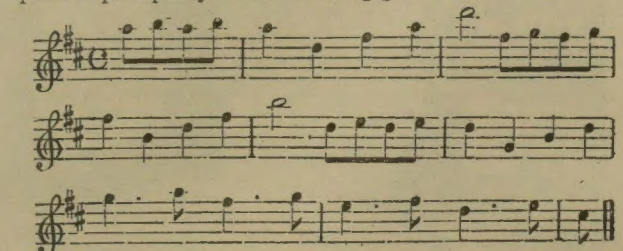
Passing over the somewhat ordinary aria d'entrata for John Manners (Mr. Courtice Pounds), we come to a brief but charming love-duet, and then to the humorous chant in which the Puritans proclaim their anarchical tendencies—a curious contrast to the patter-song of their leader, Rupert Vernon. Mr. Rutland Barrington makes the most of this, as well as of the delightfully whimsical passage wherein he sings of the jam that "concealed a pill." The first finale is full of vigour and "go," its most important feature being the melody—



sung by Dorothy when she explains why she cannot obey his command. This appears more than once in course of the opera, and constitutes, indeed, the "motto" theme. Nothing could be happier than the treatment of the Highlander's song, "My name it is McCrankie." The imitation of the bagpipes in the orchestra might almost deceive a Scotchman, and probably would, if Mr. Denny had not, by diligent study, enabled himself to bring the real instrument itself into evidence. Quite one of the best "patter" pieces in the score is the duet for Rupert and The McCrankie—



It is capably sung by Messrs. Barrington and Denny, and will not escape a nightly encore. The storm music represents Sir Arthur Sullivan in his more exalted mood. It recalls the prologue of "The Golden Legend," even as the reference to the horses that are saddled and waiting resembles the duet during the ride in the third scene of the same work. The whole of the concerted music here is charming, and it is admirably rendered by Miss Lucile Hill, Miss Vane, Mr. Pounds, and Mr. Kenningham. With the change of scene elsewhere referred to the strident discords and chromatic runs that accompany the tempest give place imperceptibly to the following gavotte-like theme—



This will be almost, if not quite, as popular as Sir George's robust and tuneful ballad, "In days of old," which Mr. Richard Green sings with appropriate vigour and effect. The finale in which it occurs is full of clever work, and musicians will not fail to notice the beautiful and touching passage for the chorus towards the close. This page is quite good enough for grand opera. There is not a great deal to note in the last act. The duet for Sir George and Lady Vernon is as lovely as it is simple; and the same may be said of the song "Queen of the garden bloomed a rose," which Miss Brandram gives with exquisite taste and feeling. The rest, bar the short reprise for the finale, is all light and tripping, including a sparkling ensemble and dance for the Puritans and the girls, and a genuine Highland fling for The McCrankie, which, of course, brings down the house. The orchestration is masterly throughout.

The performance and mise en scène of the new opera call for unqualified praise. In the former there is scarcely a weak point, while the taste and liberality displayed in the mounting reflect the utmost credit upon Mr. D'Oyly Carte and his able stage-manager, Mr. Charles Harris, both of whom, together with the composer, author, and principal artists, were called before the curtain at the close of the initial representation. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, and was compelled to grant encores for nearly every number. In fine, "Haddon Hall" may be said to have achieved a triumphant success.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

It is believed (says the *World*) that the Queen's next public appearance in London will be at the opening of the Imperial Institute, which function will take place about the second week in May. Her Majesty has promised the Prince of Wales that she will herself open the Institute.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia are expected to arrive at Balmoral in the course of a few days on a visit to the Queen. Before Prince and Princess Henry return to Germany they will pay visits to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Portsmouth.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Sandringham about Oct. 22, and they will then make Norfolk their headquarters for several months.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes have (says *Truth*) invited the Duke of York to go to Athens for the celebration of their golden wedding on Oct. 27, but it has not yet been decided whether H.R.H. will represent the royal family on this occasion.

The meeting of the first Cabinet Council in the autumn usually gives rise to much speculation, but so far little has happened to disturb the even tenor of the Parliamentary recess. Mr. Gladstone's remarks about the land question in Wales have caused a mild commotion among the landlords of the Principality. At Dublin Castle Mr. Morley is striving to make the Irish official world believe that a new order has succeeded the old. The Home Secretary has developed a capacity for writing sympathetic letters to everybody who has a grievance. So when the Cabinet met this week there was nothing very startling in the general aspect of affairs to engage their serious attention.

Mr. Morley's second important step in Ireland is the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the condition of the evicted tenants. This, it is contended, is necessitated by the failure of the section of the Land Purchase Act which gave the evicted six months to make terms with their landlords for the purchase of their holdings. Very few tenants benefited by this arrangement, which expired early in the year. Mr. Morley's move will be followed by legislation next session, for the Commission is certain to make its report before the meeting of Parliament.

A new element of discord has been imported into Irish politics by the decision of the Dublin Corporation not to present an address of welcome to Lord Houghton when he makes his official entry into the city. This decision was arrived at by a majority of one, and it appears to have caused some misunderstanding in the ranks of the Parnellites. The general disposition of that amiable party is to hold severely aloof from the new Government, but some Parnellites seem to have incurred the suspicion of faithlessness to this great resolve. The Parnellites are, however, united in abusing Mr. Michael Davitt, who is said to have suggested to the Irish Lord Chancellor the expediency of choosing justices of the peace from among the Nationalists of Meath. This is pleasantly described by the Parnellite journals as an attempt by Mr. Davitt to job his friends into office.

The manoeuvres of Irish parties are obscure and uninviting, but it may be noted that a fresh compromise has been suggested with regard to the Paris funds. There are forty thousand pounds locked up in the French capital, because Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites cannot agree about the disposal of the sum. It is now suggested by Mr. Harrington that the money should be banked in the names of two Parnellites and two Nationalists. This looks reasonable enough, but it needs an Irishman to comprehend its infinite subtleties. The compromise will be fiercely assailed, and then both sides will bandy the responsibility for its failure.

Mr. John Dillon is laid up with a broken arm. There have been no broken heads in Ireland since the General Election, but when assault and battery are not going on an Irish politician gets his arm broken in an accident. Mr. Dillon was thrown from a jaunting car, not for the first time. To suggest that the national vehicle in Ireland should be superseded by something more comfortable and less dangerous would, no doubt, be regarded as another Saxon affront to Irish institutions; but that public men in Ireland should have to drive about at the risk of their lives is a needless feature of the seamy side of politics.

The South Leeds election resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C., by a considerably reduced majority. At the General Election the majority was 1335; at the by-election it was 948. The decline is attributed to various causes: the over-confidence of the victors, the extraordinary exertions of the minority, and so forth. What is plain is that, for some reason, official Liberalism in Leeds is suffering a partial eclipse.

We are witnessing a recrudescence of the old Protectionist party. A curious correspondence in the *Times* shows that there are still people who think Free Trade a fatal calamity, and who believe that Protection helps trade without increasing prices. This is as naïve as the proposal from another quarter that the State shall fix not only the hours of labour but also the rate of wages. How Protection is to improve trade without raising prices is not explained; nor are we told how the consumer is to benefit by paying more for articles than they are worth. But the idea that England must return to the fiscal policy which she abandoned fifty years ago is bound to recur at this season of the year, like the sea-serpent.

Mr. Henniker Heaton continues his campaign against the Post Office. He says that of the sixty reforms which he proposed five years ago thirty-seven have been adopted. This is certainly an encouragement to peg away at the remainder. Among other things, Mr. Heaton asserts that post-cards are made in Germany, and contain twenty or thirty per cent. of clay. So far from this arrangement being a saving to the nation, it is, in Mr. Heaton's opinion, a costly blunder, for he knows a stationer who is prepared to make the post-cards for £20,000 a year less than they cost now. Suggestions of this kind do not endear Mr. Heaton to the authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand, but, so far, there is no official

explanation about the quality of the post-cards and the comparative expenditure.

As a Mansion House subscription has been opened for the repurchase of the Foudroyant, there is some prospect that the old flag-ship will be saved from the German carpenters, and brought home in triumph. It is proposed to bring her up the Thames, and station her near the Embankment for the purposes of exhibition. There seems to be some misapprehension about her history, for Commander Sullivan writes to us that the action with the *Guillaume Tell* in March 1800 was fought after Nelson had left the Foudroyant. There can be no question, however, as to public opinion in this matter, and the recovery of the old relic will be hailed with general acclamation.

A public subscription has been invited for the purchase of the spot near Jerusalem known as the "Garden Tomb," and believed by some to be identical with the Holy Sepulchre. The evidence for this belief is far from convincing, and the best authorities are distinctly against it. But apart from the very serious doubt as to the character and history of the tomb there are political difficulties which the authors of this project do not seem to have considered. Property near Jerusalem cannot be bought as if the sale were conducted in Tokenhouse Yard. Not only is the Turkish Government extremely jealous about the Holy Places, but there are Continental Powers by no means disposed to allow Englishmen to acquire sepulchres in Palestine sanctified by tradition. France and Russia would probably object to the whole transaction, and it seems injudicious to invite a diplomatic rebuff at Constantinople for the sake of a tomb which is not authentic.

in active public work, forbidden entrance into administrative careers, and suspected of disloyalty to the State if they went to Mass on Sunday. Some had of late abandoned their party, but it remained as before. The last and most dreadful assault on it had come from an august voice (that of the Pope) summoning the Monarchists to acquiesce in a form of government which seemed to them not only sectarian and hateful, but to be the incarnation of irreligion. But, however docile they were to all teachings which concerned the faith and discipline of the Church, they would filially resist this mandate, for their honour was here in question. "Surely there is not a new sin," exclaimed Count d'Haussonville, "the sin of Monarchy?" He added that their party was indestructible; it would win the support of the democracy; he proposed the health of "Monseigneur the Count de Paris." A plébiscite has also been demanded by Prince Victor Napoleon, who says the nation is all in his favour.

The tenth session of a Revolutionary Socialist Congress, held at Marseilles, was opened on Sept. 24, attended by delegates from a hundred towns. It was presided over by M. Jules Guesde, who proposed to draw up an indictment against all the Republican, Radical, and Reactionary Deputies in the Chamber, and to get all the elections into the hands of working men for their candidates. The only German delegate, Herr Liebknecht, was next elected chairman. On Sept. 26, a telegram from Paris was received, stating that he was to be expelled from French territory. His chair was decorated with the red flag. The telegram has been contradicted. Liebknecht declared that German and French working men would never consent again to bloodshed on account of Alsace and Lorraine. This congress passed resolutions disavowing the course of the late congress at Glasgow, and affirming that the labour agitation should not be limited to the eight-hours question. At the Carmaux mines it is still found needful to keep troops on the ground to prevent outrages on account of the recent strike.

The French Chamber is to reopen on Oct. 18 for a special autumn session, in which the commercial treaty with Switzerland is likely to be assailed by the Protectionists, under the leadership of M. Méline, but it is not expected to cause a fall of the Ministry.

The German Emperor William, after three days' hunting near Potsdam, goes on a visit to the Grand Duke of Weimar, and thence, with Count Caprivi, to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna. The attention of Austro-Hungarian politicians is just now much occupied with the prolonged Ministerial crisis in Serbia and with the position of Bulgaria, vexed by Russian hostility, and debarred from availing itself of the amicable disposition of Turkey. The Sultan has commissioned General Brialmont, formerly Inspector-General of Fortifications in Belgium, to make a survey of the defences of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, for which, it appears, new works, costing fifty million francs, are required.

The French troops in West Africa, commanded by Colonel Dodds, have fought a considerable battle at Dogba, on Sept. 17, against the army of the King of Dahomey, and defeated it with the slaughter of a thousand men. A large quantity of rifles, of German make, were left by the Dahomey soldiers on the battle-field. The French have now command of the road to Abomey, which is the King's capital.

The Commissioner of the British Royal Niger Company, Mr. J. Flint, was sent with an armed force up that river at the Brass Creeks to punish the natives who had attacked trading launches and had killed an engineer belonging to Sierra Leone. The expedition has returned, having destroyed four native villages. The Governor of Lagos, Mr. G. T. Carter, proceeds to the Jebu country to settle the disturbances there, and has been invited to meet the Egba chiefs at Abeokuta.

Mr. Grover Cleveland has published a letter accepting his nomination by the Democratic party as candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and laying stress on tariff reform, currency reform, and the reform of the Civil Service. The date fixed for the opening of the Chicago Great Exhibition, May 1 next year, is confirmed. A panic from an alarm of fire in a crowded Jewish synagogue at New York, on Sept. 23, caused the death of four persons in the crush. On Sept. 21, on the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, in Ohio, eleven passengers were killed by a collision of trains and subsequent burning of carriages.

From East Central Africa there are further reports of Emin Pasha's later wanderings, to March of this year, in the Congo State territory on the western shore of Lake Albert Edward, where he has discovered rivers flowing into that lake. There is no confirmation, as yet, of the statements last week that Wadelai, on the Upper White Nile, had been occupied by the Congo State forces under M. van Kerckhove, who appears to have been in the Mombuto country, to the west of that place, and may not have gone farther. The Uganda Railway survey party has returned to Mombasa, on the sea-coast. Bishop Tucker, with five Englishmen of the Church Missionary staff, has started inland for Uganda.

STATUE OF KELLERMANN AT VALMY.

The battle of Valmy, fought on Sept. 20, 1792, was the first victory gained by the French Republican army against the allied Royalists and Prussian troops commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. It was not a very considerable military engagement, being attended by only the loss of four hundred lives on the one side and two hundred on the other, but its political results were important at that crisis in the progress of the French Revolution. On the centenary, which has recently occurred, a statue of General Kellermann, the hero of the battle, was unveiled by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, M. Bourgeois, who had previously, on the same day, in the neighbouring town of Châlons-sur-Marne, opened an historical exhibition of military relics and trophies illustrating the event. The statue, of which we give a representation, shows Kellermann in the costume he actually wore, with the tricolour scarf, waving his sword and his hat as he uttered the cry, "Vive la Nation!" before charging the enemy. Under a small pyramid of stone near this spot lies the heart of Kellermann, buried there at his own request when he died. His sword was in the exhibition at Châlons-sur-Marne.



STATUE OF THE FRENCH GENERAL KELLERMANN, AT VALMY.
UNVEILED SEPT. 20.

An extraordinary trial has been brought to a close at the Old Bailey. Six men, including a baronet, were indicted for a long series of frauds in connection with literary and artistic societies. It was proved that these had been founded mainly for the purpose of deluding simple-minded amateurs into the belief that they were going to get their poems published and their pictures sold. The revelations of credulity would have been remarkable if it were not pretty well understood now that there are endless people who will believe anything, provided that it promises to put them into print. The conspiracy was not, however, as successful financially as might have been expected, and the exploiters of the amateur were constantly forced to change their offices, forgetting sometimes, in the hurry of moving, to pay their rent. They were all found guilty, and W. J. Morgan was sentenced to eight and J. S. Tomkins to five years' penal servitude. Sir Gilbert Campbell was sentenced to eighteen, W. H. Steadman to fifteen, D. Tolmie to six, and C. M. Clarke to four months' imprisonment, each with hard labour.

A more sensational case arose out of the inquest of an actress who died in a mysterious way in Brompton. Whether she was poisoned or not remains uncertain, but Dr. Heron, a surgeon who was closely associated with her, repaired after the inquest to an hotel in the Strand, and committed suicide with strange deliberation. He left behind him a journal of his last moments until, weary of the slow effects of poison, he cut his throat. The whole tragedy seems to come out of a masterpiece of French fiction of the realistic school.

The centenary commemoration of the first French Republic in Paris on Sept. 22 is noticed separately. It was, perhaps, indirectly replied to at a banquet of the Royalist partisans, at Montauban, by Count d'Haussonville. He denied that this party is now reduced to a coterie in the salons and the châteaux. He claimed for the Monarchists in France the two virtues of hope and fidelity, persecuted as they were, denied all participation

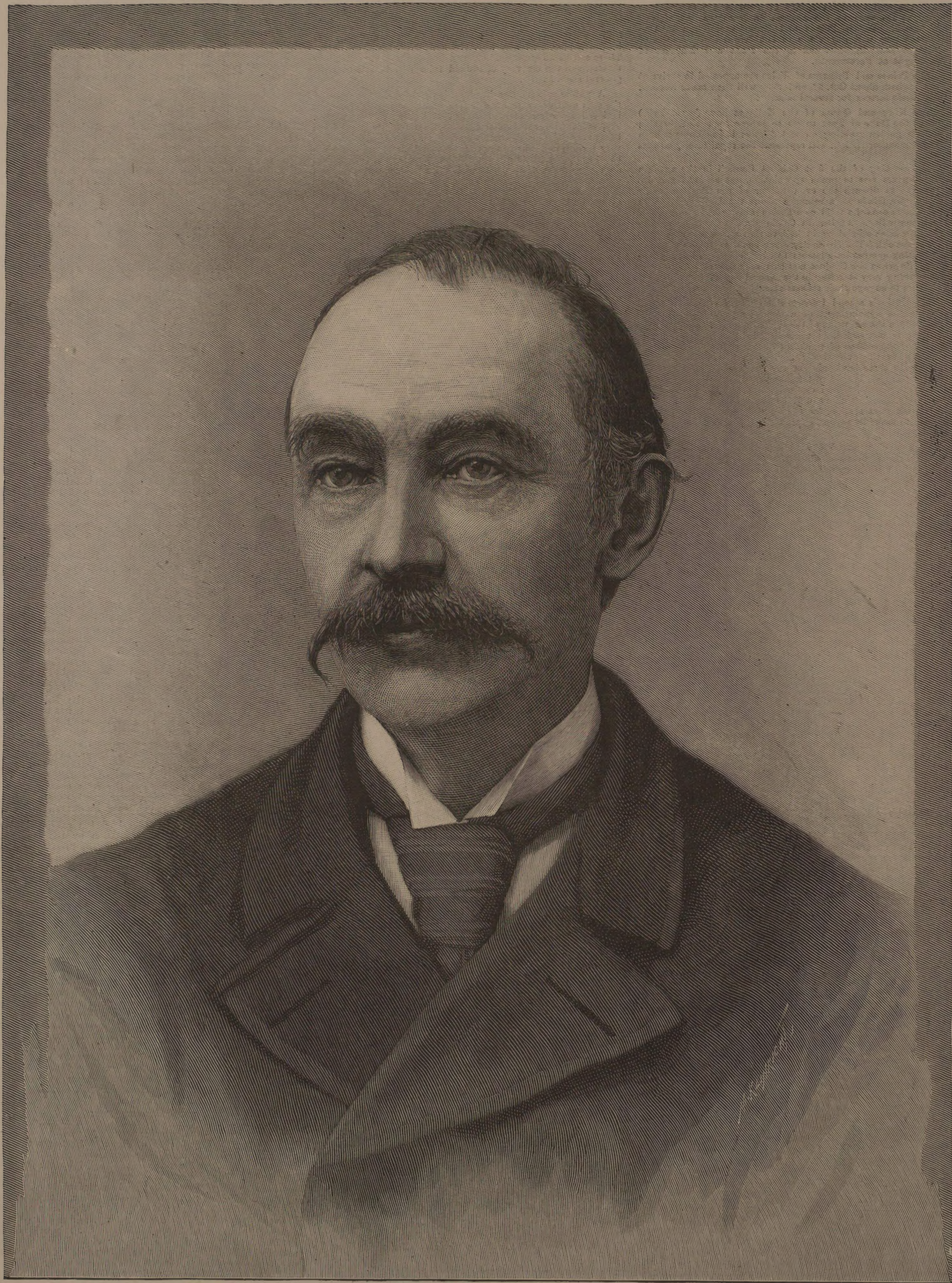


Photo by Wheeler, Weymouth.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, THE NOVELIST.

Yours very truly
Thomas Hardy

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF

A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

PART FIRST.

A YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY.

CHAPTER I.

RELICS.

ONCE—and that not long ago—there was a young sculptor who had not quite made a great name; and pending that event he lived on a small income allowed him by his father, an inartistic man of trade and commerce merely.

The sculptor was not engaged in his art on one particular midnight in the summer season, when, having packed up such luggage as he might require for a sojourn in the country, he sat down in his temporary rooms in a London square to destroy a mass of papers that he did not wish to carry with him and objected to leave behind.

Among them were several packets of love-letters, in sundry hands.

He took the first bundle, laid it in the grate, lit a match under it, and waited. The bundle of hard, close-lying note sheets would not burn.

He cut the string, loosened the letters, and kindled another match. The flames illuminated the handwriting, which sufficiently recalled to his knowledge her from whom that batch had come, and enabled him to read tender words and fragments of sentences addressed to him in his teens by the writer. Many of the sentiments, he was ashamed to think, he had availed himself of in some attempts at lyric verse, as having in them that living fire which no lucubration can reach. The edges of some of the sheets began to be browned by the flame; but they would not in this cold grate light up and consume as he had expected.

By this time he had begun to experience a sentimental feeling for the letters, though, till the present evening, he had not once thought of them for a twelvemonth. He had no longer heart to burn them. That packet, at least, he would preserve for the writer's sake, notwithstanding that the person of the writer, wherever she might be, was now but as an empty shell which had once contained his ideal for a transient time. He drew the letters from the grate, shook them clean, and laid them aside.

The next package was in a contrasting hand—thick and rotund, generated by a scratching quill. A school-girl she: he had never much cared for her; and her effusions were unceremoniously tumbled in.

The young man repeated the match-lighting process, stirring the letters with the poker. Some flamed, but the majority remained clean and legible as when written. Her handwriting had been so large and inky that she had spread over a multitude of sheets a very small quantity of thought and affection; and the bundle, made up of only a short correspondence, was enormous. There was no destroying it in a hurry, unless a fiery furnace into which to thrust it could have been improvised.

Suddenly there arose a little fizzle in the dull flicker: something other than paper was burning. It was hair—her hair.

"Good heavens!" said the budding sculptor to himself. "How can I be such a brute? I am burning *her*—part of her form—many of whose curves as remembered by me I have worked into statuettes and tried to sell. I cannot do it—at any rate, to-night."

All that remained of the bundle—by far the greater part—he hastily withdrew from the grate, shook the feathery black scales of paper-ash from the pages, refastened them, and put them back for preservation also.

He looked at the other packages. One signed in round-hand, one in long-hand, one in square-hand, one in pointed-hand, crippled and pinched. She had been much older than he. They all showed affection which once had lived, though

now it was past and gone. No, he could not burn them here and alone.

What could he do with them? He would take them with him, and reconsider their existence. But all his luggage was packed; in his portmanteaus and hand baggage not a square inch of room remained. At last he took his summer overcoat, which he would certainly not require to use till wet weather recommenced, rolled it hastily round the lumps of undying affection, strapped the whole compactly together, and, flinging it down beside his portmanteaus, went to bed.

CHAPTER II.

A SUPPOSITITIOUS PRESENTMENT OF HER.

About two o'clock the next day he was ascending the steep roadway which led from the village of Slope-way Well to the summit of the rocky peninsula, called an island, that juts out like the head of a flamingo into the English Channel, and is connected with the mainland of Wessex by a long, thin beach of pebbles, representing the neck of the bird.

He recollected that it was two years and eight months since he had paid his last visit to his father at this, his birthplace, the intervening time having been spent amid

many contrasting scenes at home and abroad. What had seemed natural in the isle when he left it now looked quaint and odd amid these later impressions. The houses above houses, one man's doorstep rising behind his neighbour's chimney, the gardens hung up by one hedge to the sky, the unity of the whole island as a solid and single block of stone four miles long, were no longer familiar and commonplace ideas. All now stood dazzlingly clean and white against the blue sea, the sun flashing on the stratified façades of rock—

The melancholy ruins
Of cancelled cycles. . . . Prodigious shapes
Huddled in grey annihilation.

After a laborious clamber he reached the top, and walked along the plateau towards East Wake. The road was glaring and dusty as always, and, drawing near to his father's house, he sat down in the sun.



By this time he had begun to experience a sentimental feeling for the letters.

He stretched out his hand upon the rock beside him. It felt warm. That was the island's personal temperature. He listened, and heard sounds: nick-nick, saw-saw-saw. Those were the island's voice—the noises of the quarrymen and stone-sawyers.

Opposite to the spot on which he sat was a roomy cottage or homestead. Like the island, it was all of stone, not only in walls but in window-frames, roof, chimneys, fence, stile, pig-sties and stable, almost door.

He remembered who had used to live there—and probably lived there now—the Caro family, the roan-mare Caros, as they were called to distinguish them from other branches of the same family, there being but half-a-dozen christian and surnames in the whole island. He crossed the road and looked in at the open doorway. Yes, there they were still.

Mrs. Caro, who had seen him from the window, met him in the entry, and there an old-fashioned greeting took place. A moment after a door leading from the back rooms was thrown open, and a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen came bounding in.

"Why, 'tis dear Joce!" she burst out joyfully. And running up to him, she seized his hand and kissed him before he was aware of her intention.

The demonstration was sweet enough from the owner of such an affectionate pair of bright hazel eyes and brown tresses of hair. But it was so sudden, so unexpected, that he winced for a moment quite involuntarily; and there was some constraint in the manner in which he returned her kiss, and said, "My pretty little Avice, how do you do after so long?"

For a few seconds her impulsive innocence hardly noticed his start of surprise; but Mrs. Caro, the girl's mother, had observed it instantly. With a pained face she turned to her daughter severely—

"Avice—my dear Avice! Why—what are you doing? Don't you know that you've grown up to be a woman since Jocelyn—Mr. Pearston—was last down here? Of course you mustn't do now as you used to do three or four years ago."

The awkwardness which had arisen was hardly removed by Pearston's assurance that he quite expected her to keep up the practice of her childhood, followed by several minutes of conversation on general subjects. He was vexed from his soul that his unaware movement should so have betrayed him. At his leaving he repeated that if Avice regarded him other than as she used to do, he would never forgive her; but though they parted good friends her regret at the incident was visible in her face. Jocelyn passed out into the road and onward to his father's house hard by. The mother and daughter were left alone.

"I was quite astonished at 'ee, my child!" exclaimed the elder. "A young man from London and the Continent, used now to the strictest company manners, and ladies who a'most think it vulgar to smile broad! How could ye do it, Avice?"

"I—I didn't think about how I was altered," said the conscience-stricken girl. "I used to kiss him, and he used to kiss me before he went away."

"But that was years ago, my dear!"

"O, yes, and for the moment I forgot! He seemed just the same to me as he used to be."

"Well, it can't be helped now. You must be careful in the future."

Meanwhile Jocelyn Pearston had gone onward to his father's; but the latter, having received no warning of his son's intended visit, was not at home to receive him. Jocelyn looked round the familiar premises, glanced across the way at the great yard within which eternal saws were going to and fro upon eternal blocks of stone—the very same saws and the very same blocks that he had seen there when last in the island, so it seemed to him—and then passed through the dwelling into the back garden.

Like all the gardens in the isle, it was surrounded by a wall of dry-jointed spawls, and at its further extremity it ran out into a corner, which adjoined the garden of the Caros. He had no sooner reached this spot than he became aware of a murmuring and sobbing on the other side of the wall. The voice he recognised in a moment as Avice's, and she seemed to be confiding her trouble to some young friend of her own sex.

"O, what shall I do! what shall I do!" she was saying bitterly. "So bold as it was—so shameless! How could I think of such a thing! He will never forgive me—never. Never like me again. He'll think me a forward hussy, and yet—and yet I quite forgot how much I had grown. But that he'll never believe." The accents were those of one who had for the first time become conscious of her womanhood as an unwonted possession which shamed and frightened her.

"Did he seem angry at it?" inquired the friend.

"O, no—not angry! Worse. Cold and haughty. O, he's such a fashionable person now—not at all an island man. But there's no use in talking of it. I wish I was dead!"

Pearston retreated as quickly as he could. The incident which had brought such pain to this innocent soul was now beginning to be a source of considerable annoyance to him. He returned to the house, and when his father had come back and they had shared a meal together Jocelyn again went out, full of an earnest desire to soothe his young neighbour's grief in a way she little expected; though, to tell the truth, his affection for her was rather that of a friend than of a lover, and he felt by no means sure that the migratory, elusive idealisation he called his Love was going to take up her abode in the body of Avice Caro.

CHAPTER III.

THE INCARNATION IS ASSUMED TO BE A TRUE ONE.

It was difficult to meet her again, even though on this lump of rock the difficulty lay as a rule rather in avoidance than in encountering. But Avice had been transformed into a very different kind of young woman by the self-consciousness engendered of her impulsive greeting, and, notwithstanding their propinquity, he could not meet her, try as he would. No sooner did he appear an inch beyond his father's door than

she was to earth like a fox—that is, she bolted upstairs to her room.

Anxious to soothe her after his recent slight, he could not stand these evasions long. The manners of the isle were primitive and straightforward, even among the well-to-do, and noting her disappearance one day he followed her into the house and onward to the foot of the stairs.

"Avice!" he called.

"Yes, Mr. Pearston."

"Why do you run upstairs like that?"

"O—only because I wanted to come up for something."

"Well, if you've got it, can't you come down again?"

"No, I can't very well."

"Come, dear Avice. That's what you are, you know."

There was no response.

"Well, if you won't, you won't!" he continued. "I don't want to bother you." And Pearston went away.

He had hardly left the door when Mrs. Caro's servant ran out to ask him if he had left his coat behind him when he called on the day of his arrival. They had found it in the house, and had not been sure whose it was.

"O, yes, it is mine," said Jocelyn, hastily. "I forgot it."

The great coat was strapped up round the letters just as he had arranged it; but he wondered as he walked on whether Mrs. Caro or Avice had looked inside as a means of identification. Determining to run no further risks, he set about destroying the letters there and then. To burn them in a grate was an endless task. He went into the garden, threw them down, made a loose heap of a portion, and put a match to the windy side.

By the help of a pitchfork to stir them about he was fairly successful, though as soon as he ceased to stir they ceased to burn. He was deeply occupied in the business of feeding the fire from the adjoining heap when he heard a voice behind him.

"Mr. Pearston—I wasn't angry with you just now. When you were gone I thought—you might mistake me, and I felt I could do no less than come and assure you of my friendship still."

Turning he saw the blushing face of Avice immediately behind him.

"You are a good, dear girl!" said he, impulsively, as he threw down the pitchfork, and seizing her hand, set upon her cheek the kiss that should have been the response to hers on the day of his coming.

"Darling Avice!" he said, "forgive me for the slight that day! Say you do. Come, now!"

She blushed, looked rather than spoke her forgiveness, and shrank away, sitting down upon a squared stone, around which the unburnt sheets of paper were strewn. With some embarrassment at her presence he withdrew another handful from the collection and threw it on the flames.

"What are you burning?" she asked.

"O, only some papers I hadn't time to destroy before I left town, and which I forgot till to-day that I had brought with me."

"Ah, that was the parcel you left at our house, perhaps?"

"Yes."

She scanned more closely the packets scattered round her. "They are letters, in different handwritings."

"Yes."

"O, Joce—Mr. Pearston—they are in women's hands; they are love-letters?"

He did not answer for a moment, during which interval a sudden sadness overspread her face, which had just before blushed so significantly under his caress. She bent her head and covered her eyes with her hands. "I see—I see now!" she whispered, "I am—only one—in a long, long row!"

From the white sheets of paper round about her seemed to rise the ghosts of Isabella, Florence, Winifred, Lucy, Jane, and Evangeline—each writer from her own bundle respectively—and Maud and Dorothea from the flames. He hardly knew what to say to the new personality in the presence of the old. Then a sudden sense of what a good and sincere girl Avice was overpowered the spectres, and, rushing up to her and kneeling down upon the letters, he exclaimed, "Avice, dear Avice!—I say to you what I have never said to one of them, or to any other woman, living or dead, 'Will you have me as your husband?'"

"Ah!—I am only one of many!"

"You are not, dear. You knew me when I was young, and they didn't—at least, not many of them. Still, what does it matter? We must gain experience."

Somehow or other her objections were got over, and, though she did not give an immediate assent, she agreed to meet him later in the afternoon, when she walked with him to the southern point of the island called the Beal, or, by strangers, the Bill, pausing over the treacherous cavern known as Cave Hole, into which the sea roared and splashed now as it had done when they visited it together as children. To steady herself while looking in he offered her his arm, and she took it, for the first time, as a woman, for the hundredth time as his old companion.

They rambled on to the lighthouses, where they would have lingered longer if Avice had not suddenly remembered that she had to recite poetry from a platform that very evening at Slopeway Well, one of the villages on the island—the village that had advanced to be almost a town.

"Recite!" said he. "Who'd have thought anybody or anything could recite down here except the reciter we hear away there—the never silent sea."

"O, but we are quite intellectual now," she said. "In the winter particularly. But, Jocelyn—don't come to the recitation, will you? It would spoil my performance if you were there, and I want to be as good as the rest."

"I won't if you really wish me not to. But I shall meet you at the door and bring you home."

"Yes!" she said, looking up into his face; and they hastened back together. Avice was perfectly happy now; she could never have believed at the time of her despair on the day of his coming that she would ever be so happy. When

they reached the east side of the isle they were compelled to part at once, that she might be soon enough to take her place on the platform. Pearston went home, and after dark, when he thought it would be about the hour for accompanying her back, he went along the middle road northward to Slopeway Well.

He was full of misgiving. He had known Avice Caro so well of old that his feeling for her now was rather one of friendship than love; and what he had said to her in a moment of impulse that morning rather appalled him in its consequences. Not that either of the women who had attracted him successively would be likely to rise inconveniently between them. For he had quite disabused his mind of the old-fashioned assumption that the idol of a man's fancy was an integral part of the personality in which it might be located for a long or a short while.

To his intrinsic Well-Beloved he had always been faithful; but she had had many embodiments. Each individuality known as Lucy, Jane, Florence, Evangeline, or what-not, had been merely a transient condition of her. He did not recognise this as an excuse or as a defence, but as a fact simply. Essentially she was perhaps of no tangible substance; a spirit, a dream, a frenzy, a conception, an aroma, an epitomised sex, a light of the eye, a parting of the lips. God only knew what she really was; Pearston did not. He knew that he loved the Protean creature wherever he found her, whether with blue eyes, black eyes, or brown; whether presenting herself as tall, fragile, or plump. She was never in two places at once; but hitherto she had never been in one place long. She was indescribable, unless by saying she was a mood of himself.

By making this clear to himself some time before this date, he had escaped a good deal of ugly reproach which he might otherwise have incurred from his own judgment, as being the very embodiment of fickleness. It was simply that she who always attracted him, and led him whither she would, as by a silken thread, had not remained the occupant of the same fleshly tabernacle throughout her career so far. Whether she would ultimately settle down into one, he could not say.

Had he felt that she had now taken up her abode in Avice, he would have tried to believe that this was the terminal spot of her migrations, and have been content to abide by his words. But did he love Avice—see the Well-Beloved made manifest in Avice at all? The question was somewhat disturbing.

He had reached the brow of the hill, and descended towards Slopeway, where in the long straight street he soon found the lighted hall. The performance was not yet over; and by going round to the side of the building and standing on a slope he could see the interior as far down as the platform level. Avice's turn, or second turn, came on almost immediately. Her pretty embarrassment on facing the audience rather won him away from his doubts. She was, in truth, what is called a "nice" girl; pretty, certainly, but above all things nice—one of the class with whom the risks of matrimony approximate most nearly to nil. Her intelligent eyes, her broad forehead, her thoughtful carriage, ensured one thing, that of all the girls he had known he had never met one with more charming and solid qualities than Avice Caro's. This was not a mere conjecture—he had known her long and thoroughly, her every mood and temper.

A heavy wagon passing without drowned her small, soft voice for him; but the audience were pleased, and she blushed at their applause. He now took his station at the door, and when the people had done pouring out he found her within awaiting him.

They climbed homeward slowly by the Old Road, Pearston dragging himself up the steep by the iron hand-rail, and pulling Avice after him upon his arm. Reaching the top, they turned and stood still. To the left of them the sky was streaked like a fan with the lighthouse rays, and in their front, at periods of a quarter of a minute, there arose a deep, hollow stroke, like the single beat of a drum, the intervals being filled with a long-drawn rattling, as of bones between huge canine jaws. It was Deadman's Bay, rising and falling against the pebble bank.

The kiss that evening was not on Avice's initiative. Her former demonstrativeness seemed to have increased her present reserve. However, to-day was the beginning of a pleasant month passed mainly in each other's society by the pair. He found that she could not only recite poetry at intellectual gatherings, but play the piano fairly, and sing to her own accompaniment.

He observed that every aim of those who had brought her up had been to get her away mentally as far as possible from her natural and individual life as an inhabitant of a peculiar isle; to make her an exact copy of tens of thousands of other people, in whose circumstances there was nothing special, distinctive, or picturesque; to teach her to forget all the experiences of her ancestors; to drown the local ballads by songs purchased at the Budmouth fashionable music-sellers'; and the local vocabulary by a governess-tongue of no country at all. She lived in a house that would have been the fortune of an artist, and learned to draw London suburban villas from printed copies.

Avice had seen all this before he pointed it out, but, with a girl's tractability, had acquiesced. By constitution she was local to the bone, but she could not escape the tendency of the age.

The time for Jocelyn's departure drew near, and she looked forward to it sadly, but serenely, their engagement being now a settled thing. Pearston thought of the local custom on such occasions, which had prevailed in both his and her family for centuries, both being of the old stock of the isle. The influx of "kimberlins," or "foreigners" (as strangers were called), had led in a large measure to its discontinuance; but underneath the veneer of Avice's education many an old-fashioned idea lay slumbering, and he wondered if, in her natural melancholy at his leaving, she expected any such ceremony as a formal ratification of their betrothal, according to the precedent of their sires and grandsires.

To scent her views on the point he asked her to meet him in the old Hope churchyard one evening at seven o'clock.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LONELY PEDESTRIAN.

The Hope churchyard lay in a dell formed by a landslip ages ago, and the church had long been a ruin. At the hour appointed she descended the rocks and found him waiting at the foot of them.

They wandered hither and thither in the shades, and the solemnity of the spot and the absence of daylight assisted him in sounding her mind on a subject which could not be approached with levity.

He found that, in common with all the islanders born, she knew of the observance. But it was obvious that, in view of herself as a modern young woman, she had never expected it to arise as a practical question between him and her. Some of the working quarriers kept it up, but nobody else, she said. Jocelyn hastened to inform her that he only wished to consult her desires as to the terms of their engagement, and not knowing how far she respected the island's history, felt bound to mention it; though urge it he did not.

"Well," said he; "here we are, arrived at the fag-end of

Well, which was halfway towards the spot of their proposed tryst. The descent soon brought him to the pebble bank, and leaving behind him the last houses of the isle, and the ruins of the village destroyed by the November gale of 1824, he struck out along the narrow thread of land. When he had walked a hundred yards he stopped, turned aside to the pebble ridge which walled out the sea, and sat down to wait for her.

Between him and the lights of the ships riding at anchor in the roadstead two men passed slowly in the direction he intended to pursue. One of them recognised Jocelyn, and bade him good-night, adding, "Wish you joy, Sir, of your choice, and hope the wedding will be soon?"

"Thank you, Seaborn. Well—we shall see what Christmas will do towards bringing it about."

"My wife opened upon it this mornen: 'Please God, I'll up and see that there wedden,' says she, 'knowing 'em both from their crawling days.'"

The men moved on, and when they were out of Pearston's hearing the one who had not spoken said to his friend, "Who was that young kimberlin? He don't seem an islander."

"O, he is, though, every inch o' en. He's Mr. Jocelyn Pearston, the stone-merchant's only son up at East Wake. He's to be married to a stylish young body, whose mother, a widow, carries on the same business as well as she can; but

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

I understand that the life of Archbishop Magee, which is looked forward to with great interest, will not be published for some time. None of it has yet been sent to press, but the editor has accumulated much material, and the book will be issued in two large volumes.

An announcement of very special interest is that of Canon Liddon's Essays and Lectures. Dr. Liddon was a contributor to the defunct *Christian Remembrancer*, in which so much of the very best work of Anglican writers lies buried. He also contributed occasionally to the *Spectator*, and is credited with at least one article on a favourite subject, "Cats." Like many bachelors, Dr. Liddon delighted in the company of these animals, and was a close and affectionate observer of their ways. We are also promised a volume of Canon Liddon's exegetical lectures on the Epistle to the Romans. Many old Oxford men will remember the insight, acuteness, and learning displayed in Canon Liddon's exegesis of the Epistles, and will look for the book with eagerness. It is to be hoped that the correspondence will not be much longer delayed. Canon Liddon conscientiously devoted much of his time and strength to letter-writing. It is hardly too much to say that every letter he wrote had the finish and grace that characterised his public writings.

Dean Lefroy, of Norwich, is making himself very popular there, and has worked hard to popularise the cathedral services. He has arranged for a course of lectures on



WALFACER

The sea roared and splashed now as it did when they visited it together as children.

my holiday. What a pleasant surprise my old home, which I have thought not worth coming to see for more than two years, had in store for me!"

"You must go to-morrow?" she said uneasily.

"Yes." He reflected, and decided that instead of leaving in the daytime he would defer his departure till the night mail-train from Budmouth. He had hardly looked into his father's quarries, and this would give him time to do so, and enable her, if she chose, to accompany him a little way. If she would agree, he purposed to send on his luggage to the afore-said watering-place, and ask her to walk with him along the beach as far as to Henry the Eighth's Castle above the sands, where they could stay and see the moon rise over the sea. He would see her nearly all the way back, and there would be ample time after that for him to catch the last train.

"You can reserve your answer till to-morrow," he added.

She hesitated. "I understand you to mean, dear Jocelyn," she said, "that my accompanying you to the castle would signify that I conform to the custom of working the spell?"

"Well, yes," he answered.

"I will think it over to-morrow, and ask mother if I ought to, and decide," said she. "I fear it is heathen and ungodly."

After spending the next day with his father in the quarries, Jocelyn prepared to leave, and at the time appointed set out from the stone house of his birth in this stone isle to walk to Budmouth-Regis by the path along the beach, Avice having some time earlier gone down to see some friends at Slopeway

their trade is not a twentieth part of Pearston's. He's worth thousands and thousands, they say, though 'a do live on in the same wold way up in the same wold house. His son is doing great things in London as a image-carver; and I can mind when, as a boy, 'a first took to carving soldiers out o' bits o' stone from the soft bed of his father's quarries; and then 'a made a set o' stonen chess-men, and so 'a got on. He's quite the gent in London, they tell me; and the wonder is that 'a cared to come back here and pick up little Avice Caro—nice maid as she is notwithstanding. . . . Hullo! there's to be a change in the weather soon."

Meanwhile, the subject of their remarks waited at the appointed place till seven o'clock, the hour named between himself and his affianced, had struck. Almost at the moment he saw a figure coming forward from the last lamp at the bottom of the hill. She meant, then, to conform to the custom. But the figure speedily resolved itself into that of a boy, who, advancing to Jocelyn, inquired if he were Mr. Pearston, and handed him a note.

(To be continued.)

A committee has been formed, with the countenance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Salisbury, Rochester, and Ripon, the Rev. Canon H. B. Tristram, Professor R. Stuart Poole, and others, to raise funds for purchasing and preserving the tomb outside the Damascus Gate at Jerusalem, which General Gordon believed to be the actual sepulchre of Christ. About £6000 would be the sum required.

ecclesiastical history, in which Archdeacon Farrar, the Bishop of Salisbury, and the Head Master of Harrow will take part. The nave services in the cathedral are crowded.

It is announced that the *Independent and Nonconformist* has been transferred to other hands, and will appear under the editorship of a well-known Congregationalist, Mr. Burford Hooke, who is being supported by wealthy Congregationalists in Lancashire and elsewhere. The paper was started as a penny weekly two years ago, under the editorship of the Rev. F. Herbert Stead, a brother of Mr. Stead, but failed to secure sufficient support. The history of Congregational periodicals has been deplorable. The *British Quarterly Review*, a very ably edited magazine, perished after a life of forty years. The *Eclectic Review* had predeceased it. The *Congregationalist*, a monthly magazine, at first edited by Dr. Dale, was turned into the *Congregational Review*, under the charge of the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, and it, too, disappeared. The *English Independent*, a fourpenny weekly, also succumbed, and the *Nonconformist*, which was once a power under the editorship of Edward Miall, followed it. The Congregationalists have now no monthly or quarterly magazine issued in their interests, with the exception of a small penny monthly.

The title of one of the new Church papers in contemplation is given as the *Illustrated Church News*, and the editor, as I hinted recently, is Mr. Wilcox, of the *Figaro*. It is one which cannot be condemned here, though I doubt whether the prospects of the venture are good. The promoters say that no Church paper published at present reaches the masses. This is quite true, but I doubt whether the masses care for Church news, even when it is illustrated. Much, however, will depend on the capital at the back of the promoters. If they are prepared to lose heavily for a long period, they may be able to overcome the difficulties in their way.



"SHOPPING."—BY ALF J. JOHNSON.

THE GERMAN CHICAGO.—II.

BY MARK TWAIN.

*The car will not stop for you to get on or off.*

There is a multiplicity of clean and comfortable horse-cars in Berlin; but, whenever you think you know where a car is going to, you would better stop ashore, because that car is not going to that place at all. The car routes are marvellously intricate, and often the drivers get lost and are not heard of for years. The signs on the cars furnish no details as to the course of the journey; they name the end of it, and then experiment around to see how much territory they can cover before they get there. The conductor will collect your fare over again

every few miles, and give you a ticket which he hasn't apparently kept any record of, and you keep it till an inspector comes aboard by-and-bye, and tears a corner off it (which he does not keep), then you throw the ticket away and get ready to buy another. Brains are of no value when you are trying to navigate Berlin in a horse-car. When the ablest of Brooklyn's editors was here on a visit, he took a horse-car in the early morning, and wore it out trying to go to a point in the centre of the city. He was on board all day, and spent many

dollars in fares, and then did not arrive at the place which he had started to go to. This is the most thorough way to see Berlin, but it is also the most expensive.

But there are excellent features about the car system, nevertheless. The car will not stop for you to get on or off, except at certain places a block or two apart, where there is a sign to indicate that that is a halting-station. This system saves many bones. There are twenty places inside the car; when these seats are filled, no more can enter. Four or five persons may

*The first-class cab is neat and trim. . . . The second-class cab is an ugly and lubberly vehicle, and is always old.*



Sometimes they put a number on a house—1 for instance, then put 4a, 4b, 4c, on the succeeding houses.

stand on each platform—the law decrees the number—and when these standing-places are all occupied the next applicant is refused. As there is no crowding, and as no rowdiness is allowed, women stand on the platforms as well as men; they often stand there when there are vacant seats inside, for these places are comfortable, there being little or no jolting. A native tells me that when the first car was put on, thirty or forty years ago, the public had such a terror of it that they didn't feel safe inside of it, or outside either. They made the company keep a man at every crossing with a red flag in his hand. Nobody would travel in the car except convicts on the way to the gallows. This made business in only one direction, and the car had to go back light. To save the company, the city government transferred the convict cemetery to the other end of the line. This made traffic in both directions, and kept the company from going under. This sounds like some of the information which travelling foreigners are furnished with in America. To my mind, it has a doubtful ring about it.

The first-class cab is neat and trim, and has leather cushion seats and a swift horse. The second-class cab is an ugly and lubberly vehicle, and is always old. It seems a strange thing that they have never built any new ones. Still, if such a thing were done, everybody that had time would flock to see it, and that would make a crowd, and the police do not like crowds and disorder here. If there were an earthquake in Berlin, the police would take charge of it, and conduct it in that sort of orderly way that would make you think it was a prayer meeting. That is what an earthquake generally ends in; but this one would be different from those others—it would be kind of soft and self-contained, like a Republican praying for a mugwump.

For a course (a quarter of an hour or less) one pays twenty-five cents in a first-class cab, and fifteen cents in a second-class. The first-class will take you along faster, for the second-class horse is old—always old—as old as his cab, some authorities say—and ill-fed and weak. He has been a first-class once, but has been degraded to second-class for long and faithful service.

Still, he must take you as far for fifteen cents as the other horse takes you for twenty-five. If he can't do his fifteen-minute distance in fifteen minutes, he must still do the distance for the fifteen cents. Any stranger can check the distance off—by means of the most curious map I am acquainted with. It is issued by the city government, and can be bought in any shop for a trifle. In it every street is sectioned off like a string of long beads of different colours. Each long bead represents a minute's travel, and when you have covered fifteen of the beads you have got your money's worth. This map of Berlin is a gay-coloured maze, and looks like pictures of the circulation of the blood.

The streets are very clean. They are kept so—not by prayer and talk and the other New York methods, but by

daily and hourly work with scrapers and brooms; and when an asphalted street has been tidily scraped after a rain or a light snowfall, they scatter clean sand over it. This saves some of the horses from falling down. In fact, this is a city government which seems to stop at no expense where the public convenience, comfort, and health are concerned—except in one detail. That is, the naming of the streets and the numbering of the houses. Sometimes the name of a street will change in the middle of a block. You will not find it out till you get to the next corner and discover the new name on the wall, and, of course, you don't know just when the change happened.

The names are plainly marked on the corners—on all the corners, there are no exceptions. But the numbering of the houses—there has never been anything like it since original chaos. It is not possible that it was done by this wise city government. At first one thinks it was done by an idiot; but there is too much variety about it for that: an idiot could not think of so many different ways of making confusion and propagating blasphemy. The numbers run up one side of the street and down the other. That is endurable; but the rest isn't. They often use one number for three or four houses—and sometimes they put the number on only one of the houses and let you guess at the others. Sometimes they put a number on a house—4, for instance, then put 4a, 4b, 4c on the succeeding houses, and one becomes old and decrepit before he finally arrives at 5. A result of this systemless system is that when you are at No. 1 in a street you haven't any idea how far it may be to No. 150; it may be only six or eight blocks, it may be a couple of miles. Frederick Street is long, and is one of the great thoroughfares. The other day a man put up his money behind the assertion that there were more refreshment places in that street than numbers on the houses—and he won. There were 254 numbers and 257 refreshment places. Yet, as I have said, it is a long street.

But the worst feature of all this complex business is that in Berlin the numbers do not travel in any one direction; no, they travel along until they get to 50 or 60, perhaps, then suddenly you find yourself up in the hundreds—140, maybe; the next will be 139—then you perceive by that sign that the numbers are now travelling towards you from the opposite direction. They will keep up that sort of insanity as long as you travel that street; every now and then the numbers will turn and run the other way. As a rule, there is an arrow under the number, to show by the direction of its flight which way the numbers are proceeding. There are a good



And one becomes old and decrepit before he finally arrives at 5.

many suicides in Berlin; I have seen six reported in a single day. There is always a deal of learned and laborious arguing and ciphering going on as to the cause of this state of things. If they will set to work and number their houses in a rational way, perhaps they will find out what was the matter.

(To be continued.)

The organised bands of robbers who occasionally attack and plunder railway trains in the Western States of America do not scruple to cause the wholesale destruction of lives and limbs of passengers in order to get at their booty. On the Atchafalpa, Topeka, and Santa Fé line, the great route to Colorado and South California, a gang of these ruffians, on Sept. 21, had displaced the rails so as to wreck the night express train, running eastward, near Osage City, and to throw six carriages over an embankment. Five passengers were killed at once and many others greatly injured, some of them mortally. The wreckers were after a million silver dollars, sent by the Mexican Central Railway to the head offices of the company at Boston. If they were captured, less mercy ought to be shown to them for such guilt than to the worst of Sicilian brigands.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The phrase "cat-and-dog life" does not always receive confirmation from what is seen in nature, for many cats and dogs are the best of friends. Indeed, the study of animal friendships is a most interesting one, and rats and cats and cats and mice have before now become "chums" of the firmest kind. The latest example of such unwonted association that has come under my notice is that of a big Angora cat which has become foster-mother to a little monkey—a touching picture to be seen in the Leipzig Zoological Gardens. The monkey lost its own mother, and now hangs on, as is the nature of the youthful monkey, to its feline protector, which nourishes it in the usual maternal fashion. I wonder whether such nutrition may develop in the ape any spice of feline temper and ways. This is a query solely of scientific interest, I admit, but it is a very interesting point, all the same. I remember reading a story of which the *motif* was the unusual ferocity developed in a peaceable European gentleman, who had been provided with a set of false teeth made of real ivories taken from the mouth of a Kabyle chief. This was a kind of impossible tale at best, though amusing, of course; it is a much more serious business the matter of mother's milk, though perhaps monkey-digestion may be quite capable of assimilating that product into monkey-material. Otherwise, it would be a serious thing if cow's milk engendered bovine characters in us, or if goat's milk caused a child fed on it afterwards to develop a tendency towards butting.

Talking of animal companionships, one of the prettiest sights I ever saw in this way was the spectacle of two baby chimpanzees which belonged to the Antwerp "Zoo" some years ago, living on most affectionate terms with a kitten. There are no more playful animals than youthful chimpanzees, and the way in which these two Belgian importations frolicked with that kitten was "a sight for to see." Of course, the "happy families" one sees in the streets on exhibition are just as wonderful. Cats, canary birds, pigeons, rabbits, and rats, all dwelling together in unity, form a sight more remarkable than many more pretentious exhibitions, and prove to us that, under education, lower life is capable of accomplishing things which we do not usually regard as lying within either its desires or its capabilities.

Lately I crossed from Rotterdam to Harwich by the Great Eastern Railway Company's admirable service, and witnessed something of the care and precaution against cholera infection which was exercised, both by the railway company at Rotterdam to prevent incoming infection, and at Harwich to confirm independently the immunity of crew and passengers alike from the cholera scourge. A Dutch physician stood by the gangway at Rotterdam, asking everybody who went on board if he or she was quite well, and whence they had come. At Harwich we were paraded, in the early morning, round one side of the deck, past some local medical officer or other, and onwards to the shore. All of us had a clean bill of health, and were allowed to pass to the Custom House undeterred, and free to go whither we would. Out of evil comes good: and cholera is a name to conjure with in making people more on the alert than is their custom in attending to ordinary sanitary rules and practices. The regrettable thing is, or will be, that after the cholera scare is over, all the good advice now given by medical officers, and all the care people have shown in boiling water and milk prior to use, will fall into desuetude. But for the alarm, one might wish a cholera scare came every week, to keep us up to the mark in the care of health and in the prevention of disease. What we might gain in the way of longer life and increased happiness by such enforced attention to sanitation, we may scarcely believe. Many people have to be terrified into being cleanly and into living righteously, in a sanitary sense; and the more's the pity that it is so, and will continue to be so until the educational millennium comes to pass.

Recent views about the cholera germ (illustrated in these pages in the issue of Sept. 17) show that apparently that microbe, whatever its nature may be, lives in the intestines, and produces all its serious effects without itself entering the blood. In this respect it differs materially from most other germs, and even from that of typhoid fever, which assumes an intimate relation with the intestinal glands. Of course, the question has naturally arisen in scientific circles whether or not it may be possible to discover any means whereby, through modification of the cholera germ, we might obtain material for inoculation against the disease. It seems that M. Haffkine, working in the Pasteur Institute at Paris, succeeded in modifying the comma bacillus by exposing it to a current of air and in other ways, so that it became weakened, and the result of cultivation of the weakened germs administered to animals, protected them against the injection of the original and full-strength microbes. M. Haffkine and others were themselves "vaccinated" without any very serious effects, and Mr. E. H. Hankin (who was one of those inoculated) writes that such cholera-vaccination is not attended by any grave disturbance of health. He adds that the fact that it protects animals so widely different as guinea-pigs and pigeons gives reason for the hope that it may prove serviceable to human beings, although, admittedly, there is at present no direct evidence of any value on this point. In other words, we must first catch our cholera germ, and be certain of the exact cause of the disease.

A writer has recently been inquiring, "Is there a sense of direction?" Personally, I should be inclined to answer, "Yes," if by a "sense of direction" one means the ability of many persons, and more notably of many lower animals, to guide themselves in localities either unfamiliar or but little known to them. Instances are common enough in which cats and dogs, taken miles and miles from home by rail, in baskets, and liberated in strange homes, have found their way back to their original habitat. Birds migrating over huge tracts of sea must have some sense or other—instinctive, and probably part and parcel of their constitution as a matter of long-continued habit in the species—whereby they find their desired havens. My own experiences are, doubtless, those of many of my readers, though by no means of all. Once casually visiting a place, say, a strange city, I find I can afterwards unerringly discover places with which I am not familiar, and this even after a lapse of years. Only once was I at the Post Office in the Hague, for example, some years ago. A week or two gone by, I went straight to the office by a somewhat different route to that pursued on the former visit. I remarked to a friend, "I shall lead you to it straight," whereat he laughed. But I did lead him correctly, and I attribute this locality-faculty simply to an observation of and memory for landmarks. It is probably different in animals entirely, for, as regards senses, they are in some respects vastly better provided than we are ourselves.

THE GENIUS OF THOMAS HARDY.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

One day, many years ago, as I was about to start from a railway station for a country visit, I lingered about the book-stall there with a roving eye for some cheap and entertaining volume wherewith to lighten the journey. A hundred tomes in red and yellow competed violently for my two pieces of silver, which, however, remained unmoved by their advances. Some of the books I had read before, and wished not to read again; others were renowned as uncompanionable to persons of quiet taste; the physiognomy of others inspired no desire for further acquaintance; and I was about to turn empty away when I spied in a corner another red-and-yellow book with the letters of my name on the cover. The title of the book was "Under the Greenwood Tree," and, marking that, the undying egotism that lurks in all of us up to the second best wriggled to the surface and said, with the voice of the Worm that speaks of "lucky numbers" in the gamester's breast, "Try that."

The book was carried off; but was no sooner opened than a fear arose that a blank had been drawn. For, to all appearance—possibly misleading, however—my gay bargain was of the refuse order; that is to say, it looked like one of those unhappy tales which, being failures at one vol., 10s. 6d., or two vols., 21s., are stripped of their respectable cloth bindings, hustled into paper covers, and sold on the bookstalls cheap. It was certainly a story that I for one had never heard of, nor on subsequent inquiry could I find anybody who had; but—pleasure of pleasures—dipping into Chapter I. was like overing a stile into new, unknown, enchanted ground, and all further proceeding where nothing could be foreseen, and any surprise of enhancement or disappointment might await the next step, was delight to the end.

At this time—it was early in the seventies—part of my business was to produce the *Cornhill Magazine* every month; which magazine was then at the head of its profession, with a great reputation—the radiance of Thackeray's genius still shining on it—and a sale of many tens of thousands. But, though it was left to me to choose all the rest of the matter for this distinguished miscellany, its proprietor determined the choice of the novels that were printed in it, as, I believe, is customary with such productions—for two very sufficient reasons: the copyright of good novels costs a great deal of money, and the return for that money is very much a question of the story's market value when republished in separate form. It happened, too, that at this time eminent hands in novel-writing expected, and were paid, extraordinary sums for their work, or what seemed so then. Putting writers of George Eliot's popularity aside, Charles Reade asked, and obtained, £4000 for the English copyright of a tale that ran through the *Cornhill*, and Wilkie Collins had a great deal more for a very inferior concoction: to me, indeed, so detestable that after a while I declined the extremely small responsibility for it involved in reading the proof-sheets. Well, from this bundle of a two-shilling book, made up of "remainders," apparently (perhaps I was mistaken as to that particular, but I don't think so), one fact shone luminously. Here was true genius in no meagre development, and here the obvious makings of another eminent hand. Strongly impressed with that opinion, I no sooner got back to town again than I invaded my proprietor's mind—horse, foot, and artillery—with persuasions to send for Mr. Hardy, author of "Under a Greenwood Tree," and straightway commission him to write a novel for the *Cornhill*. It was an open mind, well disposed to handsome adventure; and, as it happened, we were at seekings just then for a new story that should be truly good, and yet should not cost seven thousand pounds exactly—a sum that has been ventured before now, with the melancholy result of alienating thousands of readers in no time. Mr. Hardy was sent for, and the outcome was the publication in Thackeray's magazine of that beautiful, strong, endearing piece of work, "Far from the Madding Crowd." It was produced without flourish, had not a breath of prestige to recommend it, and immediately set its author where he now stands—that is to say, in the foremost rank of British novelists, where, in an honourable place of distinction from the rest, he will remain when many another grand favourite has been removed.

Mr. Hardy has written half-a-dozen novels and more since then, and one of them sank almost as soon as it was launched. Strangely enough, this was the novel that appeared in the *Cornhill* immediately after "Far from the Madding Crowd." "The Hand of Ethelberta" had every chance that the pre-disposition of popular favour could help it with; but the

story was forbidding in conception, poorly endowed with any good quality, and dropped out of consideration almost at once. And where it dropped, there it lies, overlaid by a succession of books from the same hand, all of which are marked in various degrees with the abounding genius displayed in "Far from the Madding Crowd," though one of them does recall the particular demerit of "The Hand of Ethelberta." To give an adequate account of their author's genius, every one of these novels would have to be cited; for though the little dross in them is always the same wherever it appears, its excellences and delights shine in many forms. All come into the description of country life and rural scenes; but they are various enough to offer fresh illustration of Mr. Hardy's gifts in every book he writes. Here, however, there is no entering on such breadths of illustration. Whole pages would be needed for



MR. HARDY'S HOUSE AT DORCHESTER.

that, and now there is hardly room to express satisfaction that the promise of thirty years since has been so handsomely fulfilled.

The publication of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" sent me back at once to the glories of the book of Bathsheba and Serjeant Troy (a common experience, I fancy), and then to the story in red and yellow, which was as enchanting to me in a literary sort of way as the first sight of its own *Fancy Day* was to its own Dick Dewy. A good part of the reason why so many books disappoint us on a second reading, years after the first, is that meanwhile they have been clothed with the soft, enhancing light through which we view lovers lost and pleasures past. But, once more going through the great Bathsheba book, and straight on to the "rural painting in the Dutch School," as Mr. Hardy called "Under the Greenwood Tree," I found no disappointment lurking between the gaudy old covers. There is a blindness of literary affection, but there is also a keen and jealous sensitiveness to small faults.



DORCHESTER.

The "Casterbridge" of Mr. Hardy's Novel "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

"But for these! but for these!" we cry, and sadly think what easy work the avoidance of every blemish would have been. Some blemish there is in "Under the Greenwood Tree," as there is not in the *Medician Venus* and one or two other works. Here and there this charming little book has the stroke too much which is hardly ever absent from Dutch painting by novel-writers; but within its narrow scope it exhibits in unfading colours some of its author's greatest qualities, which are also among the greatest that can be employed in the business of his choice. In this early piece of work we have the easy closeness of narration which distinguishes all his later stories—a merit which is seen to most advantage in the rhymes of the old ballad-makers; but close as the narrative is, it moves with

the freedom of the water-brooks, and has the same unstudied kind of music—broken, unappealing, low of tone. The language in which it is cast abounds in telling touches ten words long, comparable for illumination with the better bits of the best didactic, best descriptive poetry. Taken by themselves, they speak of the careful choice and setting of words which poets and epigrammatists are proud to acknowledge; but, flung without preparation or consequence into a stream of familiar verbiage, in which neither art nor effort appears, they look as accidental and unwrought as the gleaming pebbles in the water-brooks aforesaid, or the wild flowers on the banks of the same. This is a characteristic which is never in abeyance, or very rarely indeed. In the flats and transition spaces of Mr. Hardy's histories a seemingly negligent appropriation of language is never an ineffective choice, and there, too, you may pick up phrases of the best workmanship, but without a tool-mark on them anywhere. And so it is, neither more nor less, with passages of description which no modern English writer (unless it be Mr. Ruskin) has excelled, and in scenes of intensest force and tragedy.

Were I asked what is the explanation of that, I should say that it probably resides in the peculiarity of Mr. Hardy's genius, which is that it brings an eye of equal discernment to things that seem of the smallest significance and things that present an obvious burden of meaning to whosoever describes them. That is to say, an eye lensed like a microscope, though also lensed like yours and mine. To illustrate my meaning: after looking through a Conington magnifier at a spray of mignonette in full bloom, and seeing the shining silver lilies that nestle in the mossy green (it is not silver, though, that they seem to be made of, but dew-drops with a permanent infusion of morning light), fancy to yourself, image to yourself, an individual gifted with ability to see the humblest flower in that completeness whenever he has a mind to do so, and it is easy to understand the accustomed use of

that faculty and the habit of evening the observation of little things and great. Mr. Dickens had the same enlarging power of perception (keen observation it is usually called), though it did not apply justly to all things or all sorts of men; and in his later days, when he gave himself to effort, he often fell into the great temptation of his gift, and emulously matched the enlarging eye by the exaggerating hand. Mr. Hardy falls into the same temptation sometimes, though more rarely, and not to the same extent; and then we have the touch too much in his "rural painting in the Dutch School." It is a proof, perhaps, that he has not yet come to the turning point of conscious effort; perhaps, that these touches in excess are no more frequent in his later work than in "Under the Greenwood Tree," a book unsurpassed in its own range, which was designedly limited, and altogether exclusive of the strong dramatic forces employed in "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874) and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1891). The Mrs. Dewy of the first-named tale is a more subtle and yet a more substantial rendering of a type of character even than the famous Mrs. Poyser; if less striking, less exaggerated; if not so amusing, more informing; if slighter, never tiresome. Her husband, the Tranter, and his old father "William" are comparable with the finest cameo-cutting; and *Fancy Day* should have convinced the readers of the story at once that a novel-writer of the male sex had arisen who knew how to portray young women. The searching and minute employment of imagination upon any trifle is as manifest as its display in the grander works of a later time, and equally testifies (though not, of course, in so striking a way) to another constant quality of Mr. Hardy's genius. For, together with the microscopic perception of which we have spoken, he is evidently blessed with a sensitive memory for whatever impressions it conveys to him, however slight, and for the similitudes that seem always ready to start up and accompany those impressions to their appointed place in his memory's keeping. And then, what follows? What follows is that the possession of these qualities fills his mind with a broad and intense vision of whatever he is writing about—vision that calls out every detail accidentally pertaining to the story and the various scenes in which it is cast. I compare this gift with a dream I once had, in which an immense stretch of most lovely landscape lay before me, miles and miles beyond what any waking eye could compass, which yet yielded its smallest details to my sight up to the remotest hedgerow. To see this comprehensive intensity of vision at work it is not necessary to turn to the more impressive scenes in Mr. Hardy's novels, such as Tess's journey to the potato farm, her labours there, and the wonderful bit in which the threshing machine figures. It is visible more or less in every page; indeed, Mr. Hardy's intensity of vision is almost too busy, too curious and restless, to be always served by the descriptive pen, which is why some people find fault in him. But it is the faculty that marks the truly great novelist, abounding most in men like Balzac, for one example of a very few.

But I am outrunning my allotted space, and must needs pull up, with much more to say about the genius of Thomas Hardy.



THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: THE CAR OF "LA MARSEILLAISE" PASSING ALONG THE BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. CATON WOODVILLE.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "EN EGYPT: NOTES ET CROQUIS D'UN ARTISTE," PAR G. MONTBARD.

Readers of the *Illustrated London News* have long been agreeably acquainted with the clever French artist G. Montbard, whose work, on many occasions, has adorned the pages of this Journal. They can appreciate the variety, as well as the vivacity, of his felicitous talents and moods, combining remarkable truthfulness of delineation with the exercise of humour and fancy in the introduction of characteristic incidents, of groups and figures, adding the interest of human life to views of the different places that he has visited in his travels. These faculties employed in such a country as Egypt, which presents the most wonderful mixture of stupendous antiquities, monuments of dead and buried, almost prehistoric, civilisation, with the abiding types of Oriental, Arab, and native African life, of Mussulman customs and institutions older than those witnessed in Turkey, and with the superficial effects of modern European intercourse, could not fail to produce interesting sketches. In the handsome quarto volume of 350 pages, finely printed on thick paper, which is entitled "*En Egypte: Notes et Croquis d'un Artiste*," published by the "*Librairie Illustrée*," 8, Rue Saint-Joseph, Paris, M. Montbard has used his pen as nimbly as his pencil, with considerable literary force and skill. There is a free indulgence of the Rabelaisian vein of fun, the love of paradox, of surprising contrasts and droll incongruities, the spirit of whim, caprice, and amiable derision, in which a lively Frenchman, surveying the world as an amusing spectacle, conquers all prejudices and levels traditional miracles to the plain ground of common-sense. Not that he is incapable of flights of sentimental rhetoric; but he uses these to hang the curtains, as it were, for a stage of burlesque comedy, with a strong flavour of farce, passing into sudden transformation scenes which illustrate the vast changes of human affairs, in the comparison of remote ages, that have taken place in Egypt. Perhaps, in a few passages, his audacity will shock the orthodox posture of conventional opinion; his preface is a tremendous cataract of bewildering denials and violent tirades against the overrated Past. The shifting of views and alternate play of sentiments is effected by reporting imaginary conversations with fellow-travellers, men of different nations and of various individual characters; some of them more or less imbued with historical and classical lore; others merely the common herd of sightseers, representing the



TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKES.

German, whose pedantic insolence is soon repressed by Dr. Karadec, a learned Breton. In this manner, escaping from the needless task of minute and prolonged description, though he does not shirk exactness of details where it can be useful, M. Montbard has written an entertaining book on a theme

besetting restlessness and vehemence of temperament may drive him to excesses, now of lyrical adoration, now of vindictive and contemptuous disparagement, which express his passing individual emotions, but which he does not pretend to reconcile, and for which it would be vain to



VIEW OF CAIRO.

ordinary habits of that large class of tourists who are not students; others cherishing only a vague romantic anticipation of marvels to be seen on the Nile and among an Eastern population. The leading talkers are two Frenchmen, Jacques and Onésime, and Dr. Reptilius, a

which many preceding authors had treated, and has given the liveliness of personal narrative, of social companionship, and of smart dialectic converse, to an account of recent travels in Egypt. He implores the reader not to take his assertions too seriously; he confesses that a certain



THE PYRAMIDS.

assume a deliberate responsibility before the bar of criticism. Cheerfully will this exemption be granted to a writer so genially disposed, who is never for a moment tedious, and whose fits, real or feigned, of exalted enthusiasm or, in the next page, of outrageous vituperation, afford many a hearty laugh. "*Sachez que rire est le propre de l'homme*" might well be the motto of this diverting discourse, which has not an unhealthy effect, on the whole, saving us from being choked with the dust of ancient tombs and dried mummies, or stunned by the size of the Pyramids and the huge pillars of Luxor, or afflicted with nightmare visions of the mighty Pharaohs, with their priestly and courtly attendants, enthroned amid a servile multitude, oppressing mankind with despotic rule on the banks of the Nile. Veneration for the oldest of monarchies and the oldest of established religions is not an ignoble sentiment, but it



ORIENTAL VISAGE.

needs to be qualified, occasionally, by showing the other side of that state of the world, and a dash of satire is not amiss for this purpose. In his drawings, however, of the mighty monuments of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, M. Montbard has refrained from caricature as well as from romantic idealisation. The engravings we borrow for this page are exact and accurate representations of Cairo, the Tombs of the Mamelukes, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx. The portrait is a characteristic Arab type.



THE SPHINX.

LITERATURE.

IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT."

Messrs. W. and C. Archer's translation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" (Walter Scott, Limited) draws a question of extreme interest into the arena of literary controversy. Shall we persist in our practice of translating verse into verse, or shall we abandon verse as an adequate medium of translation? In the beginning of this century verse translation was rejected in France as a barbarism, and now no Frenchman with the slightest pretension to literary attainments would dream of using for purposes of translation anything but prose. Although the French may be right in their entire abandonment of verse translation, we are disposed to think that we should be wrong to follow their example, our language being more supple than French in its verse and less supple in its prose. How much truth there is in this argument it is not my purpose to inquire; suffice it to say that slight reference to our translations proves that our contention is not wholly true: we find the general sense of French poets translated into bad English verse and into good English verse, but it would be impossible to say which differs most widely from the original. Swinburne, Rossetti, and John Payne have translated Villon, and each reproduces his own special characteristics as thoroughly as if he were writing original verse. Mr. Swinburne goes so far as to make Villon speak of "a splendid kissing mouth," a phrase which he certainly could not have used unless he had previously read his translator. The best German scholars declare that Shakspeare in German verse is exactly the same as Shakspeare in English verse. I have great difficulty in believing that this is so. I know, however, that Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust" cannot be like the original; for were Goethe's German like Bayard Taylor's English his fame never would have passed beyond his native town, and even there would not have survived the poet's own life. Tennyson's translation of some fifty lines of the "Iliad" fails equally, though for different reasons. These lines cannot be like Homer's hexameters, because they are Tennysonian iambs. The incurable fault of verse translation is that the translator must bring his own versification into it: to be quite simple and quite brief, he must write his own verses—and that is precisely what the reader does not want. In defence of their translation of "Peer Gynt" into the original metres with the rhymes left out, Messrs. Archer say—

We put the matter to the test, for one of us made a complete translation in prose . . . but our own dissatisfaction was reinforced by Ibsen's express declaration that he would rather let "Peer Gynt" remain untranslated than see it rendered into prose. . . . We knew that in one form or another the poem was certain ere long to be translated; and, placing this consideration before the poet, we suggested to him a middle course between prose and rhyme—a translation as nearly as possible in the metres of the original, with the lines suppressed. To this compromise he readily consented.

A little farther on, after explaining that they have translated the play line for line, always resisting the temptation of attaining greater clearness and grace by transferring a word or phrase from this line to another, and after having assured the reader that they have not added adjectives so as to eke out the metre, the translators hit upon a novel and interesting defence of verse as a better medium than prose for the translation of this particular poem—

We have found by experiment that the fact of writing in measure has frequently enabled us to keep much closer to the original than would have been possible in prose. This is not in reality so strange as it may at first sight appear. A prose translation of verse can avoid paraphrase only at the cost of grotesque inelegance, whereas in rendering metre into metre we are working under the same laws which govern the original, and are, therefore, enabled in many cases to adopt identical forms of expression, which would be quite inadmissible in prose.

This is very ingeniously put, and the translators seem to score a point. But the question, I repeat, is extremely interesting, and it is to be hoped that some eminent critic will avail himself of this occasion to thoroughly compare English with French translation, and determine whether the weight of evidence lies on the side of verse or of prose. But let not our theories interfere with our appreciation of a masterpiece, no matter in what form it may come to us. And I hasten to declare, while thoroughly disapproving of Messrs. Archer's theory of translation, that I find myself forced to applaud the result. "Peer Gynt" in Norwegian comes a long way after Goethe's "Faust"; but "Peer Gynt" in English stands higher than Bayard Taylor's "Faust." Apart from Goethe's "Faust" Bayard Taylor's has no independent existence. But if all knowledge of the Norwegian "Peer Gynt" were to cease to-morrow the English version would live in our language as a beautiful English poem. For proof of this, I need stray no farther than Peer Gynt's description of his ride on the buck's back. It comes on page 4—

Have you ever
chanced to see the Gendin-Edge?
Nigh on four miles long it stretches
sharp before you like a scythe.
Down o'er glaciers, landslips, scars,
down the toppling grey moraines,
you can see both right and left,
straight into the tarns that slumber,
black and sluggish, more than seven
hundred fathoms deep below you.
Right along the edge we two
clove our passage through the air.
Never rode I such a colt.
Straight before us as we rushed
'twas as though there glittered suns.
Brown-backed eagles that were sailing
in the wide and dizzy void
halfway 'twixt us and the tarns,
dropped behind like motes in air.
Ice-floes on the shores broke crashing,
but no murmur reached mine ears,
only sprites of dizziness sprang—
dancing round;—they sang, they swang,
circlewise, just sight and hearing.

Rhyme may be a necessity in Norwegian verse, but in English verse it is surely superfluous. Rhyme was a French graft upon our language, and though the graft has caught and grown with each essential growth, still the original rhymeless genius of the language can be revived. What is most characteristic of early English rhythms are trochaic and anapestic measures; and the true equivalent for French rhyme are our beautiful double-endings, which, if used with ordinary delicacy and skill, satisfy the ear more completely than any rhyme. I therefore look upon the present translation as a most interesting and valuable experiment in metre; and if any revival of the poetic drama were to come to pass, the varying metres of this dramatic poem might serve to show poets how they might separate themselves from the Elizabethans by adopting the old Norse rhythms. A rhyming slavery of five hundred years has not succeeded in obliterating the original genius of our language. About the poem itself it is only necessary to say that it is a masterpiece, and, I swear to you, inexpressibly beautiful. GEORGE MOORE.

A HUGE CHRONICLE OF SMALL BEER.

Gossip of the Century. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," (Ward and Downey).—Two stupendous volumes of tittle-tattle are a monumental trophy of the century which is nearing its close. It must have cost a good deal of trouble to collect these "memories," though they are strung together without the smallest sense of discrimination, and give an absurd prominence to many people whose actual importance was very slight. If the author had been content to tell the most plausible of her anecdotes, and had spared us her moral and literary judgments, it would at least have been possible to dip into this ocean of chatter without exasperation. But the bitter prejudices which she indulges, notably with regard to Dickens, the total lack of critical perception, and the inexcusable blunders go far to spoil the entertainment, which is all that one expects from this class of work. A writer who tells us that "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" was written by Eugène Sue, who chronicles with evident sympathy the delusion of Cruikshank that his drawings made the fame of Dickens, is—well, is quite capable of discovering "fascination" in the "style" of Harrison Ainsworth and of asserting that Bulwer Lytton wrote "some of the cleverest remarks to be found in print." The author's acquaintance with humourists was never extensive, or else she would not have afflicted the reader with the dreary jests which the creator of "Mrs. Brown" seems to have thought good enough for his friends. These must have prompted the sprightly vivacity with which this collector of gossip informs us that when the Countess Guiccioli became fat Byron was cured of his "in-fat-uation." But the most extraordinary thing in the book is the attack on the personal character of Dickens. Such an outbreak of passionate spite is rare, even in the literature of libels on the dead. There is actually an insinuation that Dickens was in the habit of lunching at railway stations without paying! A friend of the author's, who resembled Dickens, was once told by the "young lady" of the counter that he might have what he pleased, but she could not dream of taking his money; whereupon this amiable and veracious witness retorted that "if he resembled the people's novelist in feature he entirely differed from him in principle, and had no wish to avail himself of adventitious circumstances to shirk payment of a just debt." Anyone who is capable of retailing this sorry stuff, and of questioning the truth and honesty of everybody who has testified to Dickens's high qualities, will not, perhaps, appreciate the irony of this extract from the preface to these volumes: "But all gossip is not necessarily frivolous, nor need it be malicious, though 'Méchant comme une chronique' has passed into a French proverb." L. F. AUSTIN.

THE BOOK BEAUTIFUL.

Marius the Epicurean, His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Pater. Third edition (sixth thousand), completely revised. (Macmillan and Co.).—The Book Beautiful. "Marius" is pre-eminently that for many of us. Perhaps no book since "Sartor Resartus" has been read with such a sense of awakening, and indeed it may be said that it has in some needed measure modified the influence of "Sartor," with its sublime factory gospel of work. For the imperative "Do!" of Carlyle it substitutes the gentle pleading "Be!" "Be ye perfect!" The culture of the individual in a well-ordered unity, body, soul, and spirit: that is its message. But not a selfish culture. "He must satisfy, with a kind of sacred equity, he must be very cautious not to be wanting to, the claims of others, in their joys and calamities." That was one of the earliest axioms Marius took with him on his progress from the primitive religion of his fathers, through Epicureanism to that final mood of his mind in which the careful justice of such an axiom was being deepened by the warmer sentiment of a Christian pity. What that mood quite was we are left a little in doubt—as how else could it well be in regard to a complex being such as Marius? His experience of life had been too various, too humanising, for him to become the bondsman of any mere dogmas—though in the formulæ of Christianity, the earlier, unmonastic Christianity, he had, perhaps, come nearest to finding the formulæ which most expressed his own gentle individuality—if formulæ must be!

Some people will have nothing of Mr. Pater. One has heard them say that he is all manner and no matter. A strange doctrine, for certainly it seemed to one when first we read "Marius" with glowing heart that it was full indeed of burning matters. It seemed that no "spiritual pastor" had so harmonised the claims of body and soul, so wondrously captured for us those fine elusive moods of which we are hardly aware till we recognise them in another; that no one had written more movingly of friendship, of goodness, of beauty, or of death—great matters as we thought. It is true that Mr. Pater's manner is occasionally a little too priestlike in its extreme, its maiden-like fastidiousness. But, even so, such fastidiousness but comes of his sincerity towards his meaning. It is instructive to remember what he writes of Flavian: "His dilettantism, his assiduous preoccupation with what might seem but the details of mere form or manner, was, after all, bent upon the function of bringing to the surface, sincerely and in their integrity, certain strong personal intuitions, certain visions or apprehensions of things as being, without important results, in this way rather than that." To this sincerity the revisions in the present edition bear almost painful witness. Few in importance, they are myriad in number. Comparing the old text with the present, one is reminded of an ant-hill, the busy units of which are changing every moment, but the total impression to the eye remaining the same. All mainly small matters of prosody, and especially of punctuation. One especially notices a large immigration of the colon, with a corresponding decrease in semicolons, and a slight diminution in the comma. But, with all his fine care, Mr. Pater has never been a pedant. Unlike some of his young disciples, he translates his Latin and Greek allusions, not obviously, as to hurt the susceptibilities of his unlearned reader, but by a graceful repetition, as though merely for emphasis; and there is sometimes quite a homely touch in his writing, very winning. For those young disciples Mr. Pater, it may be remembered, once expressed concern, omitting from the second edition of his "Essays on the Renaissance" the concluding chapter, which was actually the germ of "Marius." He "conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into which hands it might fall." Probably not without some little cause. For the law of Epicurus, of "completeness of life generally," is one liable of misapplication by certain natures. But what law is not? And surely the dangers of a narrow ideal are no less great than those of a broad one? Nor did Mr. Pater fail to impress his reader with that danger. Who can ever forget the closing passage in "The Renaissance": "To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life"? But again: "Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness." *Only be sure it is passion!* It is a haunting cry, hard to forget; and only those who have forgotten it have read Mr. Pater to their undoing. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXII. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—This volume, comprising the names from Lamb to Leigh, is carefully arranged, and written by contributors evidently competent to relate, in brief compass, the lives and works of notable Englishmen—Scotch, Irish, and Welshmen, if one may yet say so, included, with whom, for the personal merits and fame of some of them, England has no mind to part. Among the most important biographical summaries are those dealing with Archbishop Lanfranc, who, indeed, was a Lombard; Cardinal Archbishop Langton; the Plantagenet Edmund Earl of Lancaster; Bishop Hugh Latimer; Archbishop Laud; the Commonwealth General Lambert; Law, the speculative financier; Law, the mystic theologian; Lord Chief Justice Law, Lord Ellenborough, and his son, Governor-General of India; the Legges, of the Earl of Dartmouth's family; Sir Edwin Landseer and John Leech, artists; Walter Savage Landor, the Orientalist Lane, Miss L. E. Landon, and others worthy of record. Mr. Leslie Stephen is still a contributor, so are Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Mr. James Gairdner, Dr. R. Garnett, Mr. W. P. Courtney, Professor Montague Burrows, and Professor Hales.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Messrs. Osgood and Mcllvaine have just published a new edition of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in one handsome six-shilling volume. From it we learn that the book has gone through four editions in its three-volume form. To the new edition Mr. Hardy adds a lively preface, from which we extract the following—

"In the introductory words to the first edition I suggested the possible advent of the genteel person who would not be able to endure the tone of these pages. That person duly appeared, mostly mixed up with the aforesaid objectors. In another of his forms he felt upset that it was not possible for him to read the book through three times, owing to my not having made that critical effort which 'alone can prove the salvation of such an one.' In another, he objected to such vulgar articles as the Devil's pitchfork, a lodging-house carving-knife, and a shame-bought parasol appearing in a respectable story. In another place he was a gentleman who turned Christian for half an hour the better to express his grief that a disrespectful phrase about the Immortals should have been used; though the same innate gentility compelled him to excuse the author in words of pity that one cannot be too thankful for: 'He does but give us of his best.' I can assure this great critic that to exclaim illogically against the gods, singular or plural, is not such an original sin of mine as he seems to imagine. True, it may have some local originality; though, if Shakespeare were an authority on history, which, perhaps, he is not, I could show that the sin was introduced into Wessex as early as the Heptarchy itself. Says Gloucester to Lear, otherwise Ina, king of that country—

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport."

Needless to say that the "great critic" is Mr. Andrew Lang.

Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish two new novels by Mr. Marion Crawford, "Don Orsino" and "Children of the King," and they have recently added "The Three Fates" to the six-shilling edition of his works. This, in spite of much contrary criticism, I do not hesitate to pronounce one of the best of Mr. Crawford's novels—one of the best of recent novels. Mr. Crawford's next story, by-the-way, "Laura Arden," will appear as a serial in the *Lady's Pictorial*—a piece of enterprise upon which that journal may be congratulated. The scene of the story lies in Rome.

Mr. Marion Crawford is very much in evidence just now. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden have just republished two of his novels—"To Leeward" and "An American Politician," the former a notable book.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's next novel is to be entitled "The Pearl-Fisher."

Messrs. Osgood and Mcllvaine promise a new story by "V.," whose "Betsy" was so favourably received. "V." is Miss Valentine Munro-Ferguson, of Novar.

Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.—a firm I am very glad to see once again in the field—promises a "Life of Sir Morell Mackenzie," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis—the kind of book from which one might expect half-a-dozen libel actions to spring; "Morocco as It Is," by Stephen Bonsal—also a subject of possible controversy; "A Short History of China," by Demetrius C. Boulger, which ought to be very popular, considering how few people know anything about Chinese history; and a new novel by Julian Hawthorne, entitled "An American Monte Cristo."

Sir Edwin Arnold's inexhaustible interest in Japan has flowered in a tragic drama in blank verse, dealing with a gruesome legend of an old Japanese family. A lady of high rank is torn from her lover and married to a noble. Subsequently she meets the young man, who renews his vows and proposes an elopement. It is arranged that he is to make his way in the dark into the sleeping apartment of the husband, and cut off his head. Having done this, he discovers the head to be that of his love, who has thus saved the family honour and her own.

Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, is engaged on a little work on horn-books, and desires it to be known that he will be grateful for references to material and examples.

A valuable addition to the literature of art is about to be made by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. in Mr. Louis Fagan's "History of Engraving in England." The book, which will be strictly limited to one hundred copies, at twenty-five pounds each, will be illustrated by one hundred typical examples reproduced from rare and unique prints in the British Museum, exemplifying the progress of the art from the end of the sixteenth century to the earlier years of her Majesty's reign. K.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

"Katie Stewart, and Other Stories," by Mrs. Oliphant. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
"Marmorne," by P. G. Hamerton. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
"The Sportsman in South Africa," by J. A. Nicolls and William Eglington. (Simpkin and Marshall.)
"The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. XXXII. (Smith and Elder.)



LINEN BEING LEFT WITH CUSTOMS OFFICERS FOR DISINFECTION.



THE HARBOUR AT HAMBURG.

Photo by Sindermann and Suhr, Hamburg.

THE CHOLERA AT HAMBURG: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÖNBERG.



THE CHOLERA AT HAMBURG: ORPHANS REGISTERING THEIR NAMES OUTSIDE THE POLICE-STATION.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÖNBERG.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

This season the newspapers have been filled with more than the usual supply of grand controversies, which, after raging all through August and September, cease from babbling, and immediately are as if they had never been. But there is one series of letters for which this fate cannot be anticipated. Many of the most sensible persons in the British Isles are ready to pronounce the controversy started by the failure of the wheat crop and the fall in prices as stupidly troublesome, and so it may be; but it expresses on one side of the debate a vast deal of absolute distress and disappointment, more sorely felt because it falls like a sudden blight on another cherished crop—the tender and unripe growth of hope in the farmer's breast. He had begun to think that his times of "depression" were about to mend; but no sooner did he say to himself, "There seems to be no mistake, there are better days ahead," than the most disheartening thing that could happen did happen—a wretched harvest, with falling prices at the same time. In what has been hitherto deemed the natural order of events, the two things do not go together. Scanty harvests have been usually helped out by higher prices; and if no such compensation can be reckoned on in future, with what heart can the farmer plough for wheat and sow his corn? But then there was the alternative of using more of his land for the production of beef and mutton. There was; but down goes the price of his beasts along with the price of wheat, while, as soon as a little solace is discovered in dairy farming, enterprise steps in with the information that before long butter in frozen tons will be coming in from the Colonies and elsewhere, with any quantity of milk in the compact form of ice. Hence these bitterly complaining letters, which, though they are not few, give no adequate expression to the despair which is again overtaking "the greatest of British industries."

But, of course, if the consumer profits, all's right enough, only there are people who say they do not find any exhilarating difference in their bread bills and butcher's bills, which is probably a mistake.

Smaller grievances than the farmers imagined themselves subject to have had a full innings, among them "the organ-grinding nuisance." The general opinion of complainants is that not a word is to be said in favour of organ-grinding, and the sad case of John Leech is again cited to show how much misery is shed from this source on men who work with their brains. As to Leech, the truth is that, in his later days, he sank into so morbid a condition of nervousness that sounds much less important than those of the barrel-organ fretted him beyond endurance. If memory serves, a tale highly illustrative of his unhappy sensitiveness was told in the *Illustrated London News* some time ago. Pitying his shaken condition, a friend of Leech's invited him to a country house, promising the perfection of quiet to do his work in whenever he had a mind to work. Down Leech went, dined happily, retired to bed in grateful weariness, and was seen no more in that retreat. He departed soon after dawn—certainly before breakfast time—leaving behind him a letter savagely demanding to know what his friend meant by asking him down to quietude, and then allowing a confounded garden-roller to rasp up and down beneath his window from the break of day. Happily, Leech was in extreme case; and it is possible that ordinary men who "work with their brains" make a little too much of casual annoyances and interruptions. That they do so, indeed, is a familiar reproach against persons gifted with the literary and artistic temperament; and though to suffer agonies at the organ-grinder's approach, to fall to yelling when a muffin-bell turns the corner, is a recognised mark of high-strung mental faculty, it is not a practice to be encouraged by anyone who is wisely careful for the dignity of intellect and taste. All the same, street-organs are really a nuisance and a hindrance to many; but yet a nuisance in some neighbourhoods infinitely more than in others, also populated by sensitive, though uncultured, human beings. It is far from the truth that not a word can be said in favour of organ-grinding. But for the piano-organs that are dragged about the streets, tens of thousands of people with a natural enjoyment of music would never hear anything like it; and though to a trained ear the rattle of a waltz or an overture from one of these instruments is much more pain than pleasure, it is to a multitude of less endowed persons all pleasure and no pain. To gentlemen who work with their brains, and who are naturally aware that there are varieties in the obligations of altruism, we say, "Think of this when you smoke tobacco."

While a discussion on the pre-Columbian discoveries of America was going on the other day, there came a story of shipwreck which threw a strong side-light on the possibilities of the case. Eleven Turks had been cast ashore on the coast of Yesso, in Japan. So far as it could be made out, their story was that more than two months previously they embarked at some port in the Persian Gulf. Adverse winds drove the vessel here and there, and, after tossing about for many weeks, certain of the crew took to the ship's boat. In the end, and after various adventures, they were cast ashore on the Japanese coast, without the least knowledge of where they were. And thus the story ends: "To have reached Japan they must have

doubled the Cape of Ceylon, crossed the Bay of Bengal, threaded their way through the Malay Archipelago, and safely navigated the treacherous and stormy China Sea."

Dishorning cattle may be a necessary operation, but every description of the process shows that it is excruciatingly painful. Usually the horns of the full-grown animal are sawn off; but sometimes, it seems, a simpler method is adopted: they are knocked off. In either case the creature suffers an agony of pain. Now, considering how often the torture has been witnessed, it is surprising to learn by a letter from Mr. Albert Pell that an obvious alternative, which is much less distressing, is a novelty in this land of humanitarianism. Habitually practised on the western ranches of America, it seems to be little known here. It is to scar the budding horn in calfhood with a branding-iron.

Of the building societies to which so many poor men have trusted their savings, this has been written since we offered a word or two of comment on the subject ourselves: "It is not too much to say that fifty per cent. of the existing societies—that is, of the incorporated societies—are bogus institutions, which advance money by ballot without interest," the effect of which is that gambling is substituted for honest thrift. Under their system of business, "the investor or lender loses the interest earned by his own money, obtaining in lieu thereof a gambling chance; while the borrower gets a benefit he has not worked for either by his brains or his hands." It is sad to think how many a pound saved out of hard earnings is risked on those terms, and how difficult it is to provide a safe investment for such savings at a rate of interest that is sufficiently tempting.

Thanks to the activity of the Society for the Prevention of



Photo by Hill and Saunders, Eton.

THE NEW RESIDENCE OF THE REV. DR. WARRE, HEAD MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE.

Cruelty to Children, some desperate cases of starvation and neglect, with death as a consequence, have been brought out for punishment. But what punishment? We must again insist that for as cruel a kind of murder—but no; as cruel a kind of manslaughter as can be conceived, a crime combining some of the worst offences against society, besides being of itself atrocious in the highest degree—no punishment yet inflicted is nearly adequate. In one case of extreme barbarity, a drunken woman, who was said to have lost six children out of nine, was sent to prison for eight months—a heavy sentence compared with the customary judgment on mothers of that description. But if the eight months had been eighteen the punishment would have been too little, except on the assumption that the torture of small children is much less of an offence than similar cruelties inflicted on grown-up persons, and that habitual drunkenness is a more or less satisfactory explanation of murder by criminal neglect.

The annual conference of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, held this year at Newport, South Wales, under the presidency of Sir Albert Rollit, concluded its session on Wednesday, Sept. 21. Lord Tredegar, president of the Newport Chamber, with the Mayor of Newport, showed local hospitality. Debates and resolutions of some practical interest engaged the attention of members. The desirability of introducing a decimal system of coinage, weights, and measures was affirmed without dissent.

The Iron and Steel Institute, under the presidency of Sir Frederick Abel, held its annual meeting on Tuesday, Sept. 20, at Liverpool, in St. George's Hall, received by the Mayor and a local committee. Treatises on several topics of scientific and practical interest were read. The members inspected the "Overhead Railway," six miles long, which is near its completion, to carry passengers along the whole line of the Liverpool Docks, leaving the dock railway below for goods traffic. Next day they visited the works of the Manchester Ship Canal; they also visited Lake Vyrnwy, in Wales, the new reservoir of the Liverpool waterworks.

THE HEAD MASTER'S NEW RESIDENCE AT ETON COLLEGE.

Old Etonians will be interested to learn that Dr. Warre, the Head Master, is to have new quarters at the college. The old residence in Weston's Yard is to be abandoned, and a more suitable and commodious home will be provided upon the Fellows' side of the school buildings, which are upwards of 450 years old. The three houses nearest the entrance from the playing fields, formerly occupied by the late Archdeacon Balston, Sir Joseph Barnby, and Mr. Cope, have been annexed, and their interiors have been gutted in order that apartments more in accordance with modern requirements may be constructed within the ancient walls. The windows of the new Head Master's residence overlook the Fellows' lawn, the Thames, near Windsor Lock, and the playing fields.

CANADIAN BLUE-BOOKS.

So much has been said and written of recent years regarding the resources of Western Canada that British emigrants have almost ceased to pay attention to the attractions of the eastern sections of the Dominion. In order to put these attractions fairly before the British public, the Dominion Government last year invited two tenant-farmer delegates—Mr. Thomas Davey, of Cannington, near Bridgwater, and Mr. John McQueen, of Selkirk, Scotland—to visit the Maritime Provinces; and, in a pamphlet which now reaches us from the High Commissioner for Canada in England, Mr. Davey states frankly the conclusions to which his investigations led him. He found the resources of the three provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island to be abundant; the fishery, lumber, and mining industries are in a progressive condition and afford opportunities for the employment of additional capital and labour. Hay, potatoes, roots, and fruits of almost all kinds can be produced in large quantities—Nova Scotia apples take a first place among fruits imported into British markets—and the growth of oats and barley is in many sections profitable, though Prince Edward Island is practically the only province suitable for the raising of wheat, a cereal in the production of which the prairie regions have naturally taken a leading position. Thirty or forty years ago it was a common experience for European immigrants to start with practically no capital and speedily obtain positions of independence, but nowadays it is only those with farming experience and capital ranging from £500 upwards who can safely be recommended to take up farming on the Atlantic seaboard. The climate is most healthy, and many advantages arise from the fact that the state of civilisation is more advanced than in the western sections.

Englishmen whose business it is to keep a close watch upon public affairs must often wish that their Government would provide them with such statistical year-books as emanate from the Governments at Washington and Ottawa. The Statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1891, which reaches us from the Dominion Department of Agriculture, has now attained its seventh year of issue, and within its 580 pages almost every topic of Canadian interest is dealt

with in a compact and yet comprehensive manner. The constitution and government of the Dominion and the various provinces is carefully explained, while every department in the Dominion executive supplies its quota of the figures relating to population, finance, trade and commerce, post-offices and telegraphs, agricultural and mineral development, mercantile marine and fisheries, education and general social movements, banks, militia and mounted police, Dominion lands, insurance, and railways and canals; while information of much value is given regarding subjects of such general British interest as the progress of the Prohibition movement in the Dominion. Indeed, Mr. Sydney C. D. Roper, Assistant Statistician, and the Dominion Government generally, are to be congratulated upon the compilation of a most profitable volume.

The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the hurricane distress in Mauritius was wound up at a final committee meeting on Sept. 20, when it appeared that the money raised was £12,000, the expenses of collection £335; the Lord Mayor said more would have been done in this case but for the fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, and the colliery disaster in Wales.

The Grindelwald Reunion Conference is not likely to be repeated. While it has done good in bringing together Churchmen and Nonconformists for mutual acquaintance and friendship, it has given rise to angry controversy in most of the religious newspapers. The *Church Times* says that it is prepared to see "all reconciled ministers licensed by the bishops preach in our churches and in their own chapels, and assist at the sacrament in churches on condition that they and their people would resort to the parish church for the sacrament, and not allow any celebration in the chapels." It would allow the chapels to remain in the meantime in the hands of the societies owning them, but future ministers elected by such societies would be required to receive holy orders, and, of course, stand on the same footing as other clergymen in the Church of England. It is doubtful whether any Nonconformist will be grateful for this offer; most of them seem to think that the practical question is now to end as far as possible the numerous divisions in their ranks.

A PERPLEXED PYRAMID.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN BUTCHER.

In the passage most frequently quoted from Mr. Kinglake's "Eothen," he represents the Sphinx looking down upon ancient dynasties and conquerors modern and ancient, "upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman, upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day," and then he speculates what further mutations that sleepless rock will lie watching "with the same sad earnest eyes and the same tranquil mien everlasting." Within the last dozen years the mystic "Father of Terror," as the Arabs call the Sphinx, must have seen strange sights; but the most violent upsets of the old order have taken place not actually, though poetically, within sight of the Sphinx, but full under the shadow of the Great Pyramid. It has looked down on generations of explorers and delvers, for the modern traveller does not sentimentalise, he measures and digs. And since the memorable day when Egypt was occupied by English regiments, groups as various as the patterns of the kaleidoscope have gathered and dispersed themselves over the sandy plateau on which the giant works stand. Some of the objects our Pyramid has seen may well perplex the experience of forty centuries.

One strange day stands out in my memory. It was Feb. 5, 1885. On that day the Canadian *voyageurs* on their return from the campaign of the cataracts were taken to see the Pyramids. We were anxious about the state of affairs in the Soudan, but our normal state then was one of anxiety, and probably only two or three persons knew what would be the tragic epilogue of the little comedy at which we were to assist. The Canadian *voyageurs* had just come down the Nile. They had been detained at a convenient station to avoid the temptations of Cairo. Then they were to be placed under a brief educational course, and were to be "conducted to the Pyramids by Arabs of the Libyan desert." These were the words of the official card. Afterwards they were to be lunched solidly, if not sumptuously, by Thomas Cook and Son. I do not think I have anywhere a stranger reminiscence than that desert picture. There was the fawn-coloured desert and the three Pyramids in the middle distance, and the foreground occupied by a long procession of shabby carriages, with such incongruous figures inside! Strange, haggard, wiry men, with unkempt hair, shabby worn-out clothes, and every sign of hardship on their faces. Some looking with stupid wonder at the big stones, but all so tired and "beat" by the campaign that even the power of wondering was knocked out of them. There was William Prince, chief of the Swampy Indians, and a dozen fellows from Winnipeg, and some Iroquois from Lachine and French Canadians and boatmen from Ottawa, and a sprinkling of Cree half-breeds—men who had achieved wonders in the Red River Expedition and who had done their best in the struggle just over. But they were a sorry sight that day, and I thought General Stephenson felt it an effort to address them in words of cheer and praise, as they lolled and sprawled in their open carriages so unlike the regiments of drilled men he was wont to inspect.

Alas! There were reasons for the lack of spirit in the General's speech which we know only too soon. An hour afterwards I reached Cairo, and heard the never-to-be-forgotten tidings of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon. The career of the hero whose cult has exercised an elevating and purifying influence on this materialistic age "heroically had finished."

Since that day the Pyramid has looked down on picnics given to princes and princesses and on school feasts given to church choirs, on military manoeuvres, sham fights, and field-days, on the red-coated soldiers of England and on the white-coated Egyptian troops growing more accustomed to discipline and moving with greater alertness and precision every day. During the Cairo season it has witnessed all the movement and bustle of the wonderful Mena House Hotel, which English capital has started. There lounge officers, invalids, and Egyptologists, smart women in gowns of bewildering variety from London, New York, Paris, and Vienna. A crowded lawn-tennis court and a racecourse thrive on the ground that was but a few years ago a stretch of desert sand, and which now (for I am writing during high Nile) is an expanse of shining water.

Though the whole of Egypt is not now one vast lake during the inundation, owing to the canal-provisions of the irrigators, it is a strange contrast to the desert, and it is very beautiful. Clear and limpid spreads the wide tract of water. Here and there are the dividing lines of palm-trees—now and again some brown village shows itself islanded. Their posts half submerged, the telegraph wires stand out high and safe, stretching from pole to pole across the pale-blue world. It is not always pleasant to see a familiar scene under some new and transforming aspect, but yet no one can watch the tender, quivering, mirage-like loveliness of the Nile Valley suffering its great yearly water-change without a sigh to think that it will be all dry land again soon. It is September, month of damp, mosquitoes, and ophthalmia, for, to quote Gebir—

Blindness waits not there for lingering age.

But it has its compensations in visions of silvery flood and skies aglow with violet and gold. There are not many tourists or travellers. Few visitors ever see the Great Pyramid when the Great Pyramid sees itself reflected in the wide Nile mirror. Throughout the summers and winters of many centuries it has perplexed men and women of every race, but the doings of the present generation must, I have sometimes fancied, perplex it.

A new postage-stamp, value fourpence-halfpenny, has been issued, which is especially convenient for the inland parcel post, for parcels weighing over one pound and less than two pounds.

A large steam-launch, constructed entirely of aluminium, 25 per cent. lighter than any other possible material, has been built by Messrs. Escher, Wyss, and Co., of Zurich; the engine and screw are of the same metal.

The freedom of the borough corporation of Wigan, in Lancashire, was presented on Sept. 21 to the Hon. Mr. Justice Scott, formerly Judge of the High Court of Bombay, and latterly Judicial Adviser to the Government of the Khedive of Egypt. Mr. Justice Scott is a native of Wigan. He was a judge in Egypt, a member of the International Court of Appeal at Alexandria during several years before he went to India. Of all the services rendered by British officials, with the support of Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer, in the reform of the Egyptian Administration under the lawful authority of the Khedive, none are more valuable than the work done by Mr. Justice Scott. In his interesting speech, reviewing more generally the various measures of improvement since 1882, he rather preferred to dwell on other matters, financial, military, agricultural, the irrigation works, police, taxation, and schools for the people. But the reform of civil and criminal tribunals, mainly effected by him, is one of the most important benefits.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

K S.—Yes, the order of the moves was somehow displaced in course of transcription, and the game consequently goes all wrong for the first ten or twelve moves.

Scott (Eastbourne).—Your problem is presumably a first attempt, and as such shows some conception of chess composition. You must, however, study good positions a little more, and learn what constitutes style.

W OXLEY (Southampton).—We cannot see much of a puzzle, but you have sent no solution.

W H PHILLIPS.—W V Morgan, jun., New Barnet, is the nearest we know.

W P H (Scarborough).—Corrected version received.

C B (West Kensington).—In reply to Kt to Q 6th, White continues 2. B to K 2nd, and there is no escape for Black next move.

W F S (Madras).—(1) We also regret the disappearance of the column mentioned, which was mostly self-conducted. (2) We are not permitted to contravene the rule of editorial anonymity. (3) Solutions quite correct.

W R B (Cypress Chess Club).—Received too late to be of use, but we are much obliged.

W WINTER WOOD.—Many thanks.

F THOMPSON (Derby).—We will give the amended diagram another good examination, but it seems all right now.

F KELLSER (Vienna).—No. 3 has another solution by 1. Q to B 8th, Kt to B 2nd, 2. K to Q 3rd, &c.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Your new contribution shall be examined at an early date.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2514 received from P. Banaji (Bombay); of No. 2521 from W S Shipper (Madras); of No. 2522 from W F Shipper and Robert Sear (California); of No. 2523 from R Sycard and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2524 from F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); James Clark, and Jose Syder; of No. 2525 from J W Shaw (Montreal); A S Allshorn (Newcastle); James Clark, F A Holloway, and John G Grant; of No. 2527 from W R Baillem, Vi (Constantinople); Walter W Hooper (Plymouth); T G (Ware); John G Grant, J G Ireland, W H Windus (Hendfield), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2528 received from W R Baillem, I. Schlu (Vienna); J F Moon, Admiral Brandreth, Martin F. J D Tucker (Leed.); W R B (Plymouth); Bluet, J Coad, G Joicey, R Worters (Canterbury); Fr Fernando (Paris); E H, Julia Short (Market Drayton); T Roberts, Dr F St., J Ross (Whitley); W Gouley (Newcastle); B D K, Walter W Hooper, W Wright, Snaithforth, F G Knight, T G (Ware); Downick, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly); R H Brooks, A Newman, John G Grant, C E Perugini, H S Brandreth, H B Hurford, Sorrento (Dawlish); Joseph Wilcock (Chester); W P Hind (Scarborough); R W Christie Anderson (Eastbourne); and L Desanges.

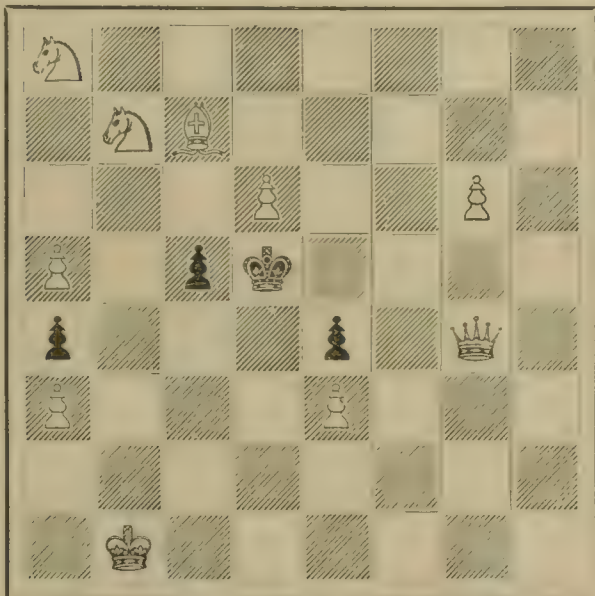
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2526.—By A. F. MACKENZIE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 8th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2530.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between

Messrs. A. CURNOCK and A. J. MAAS.

(Sicilian Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	19. B to Q 6th	P to B 4th
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	20. B to Q 6th	Q to R 5th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21. Kt to B 5th	B to B 3rd
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K 3rd	22. Q R to Q sq	
5. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
6. K Kt to K 5th	P to Q 3rd		
7. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	B takes Kt		
8. Q takes B			
9. Q to Q sq	Q to K 2nd		
10. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th		
11. B takes P	P takes P		
12. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes B		
13. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 5th (ch)		
14. Castles	R to Q sq		
15. P to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd		
16. P to B 2nd	Kt to K 4th		
17. Kt to K 4th	B to Q 2nd		
18. B to B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd		
19. B to Kt 3rd			

B to Q 6th at once, and if then Q to

The Chess Monthly for September contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. B. G. Laws, whose problems are so well known to the readers of this column in common with solvers all the world over. Mr. Laws is at once the most brilliant and most prolific of English composers, and his list of winning honours would more than exhaust our space. Under his care the problem department of the Chess Monthly ought to prove most attractive, and we are glad to note our contemporary promises a more punctual appearance in future than has hitherto been its characteristic.

We have received the first two numbers of the London Chess Fortnightly, the new magazine edited by Herr Lasker. While fully recognising the preliminary difficulties of a new undertaking, we venture to hope that time will bring about such changes in its form and matter as will be more likely to command success than at present seems probable.

The Plymouth Chess Club held its annual meeting on Friday, Sept. 16, Mr. T. Winter Wood, president, in the chair. The report submitted gave much satisfaction, while the election of several new members promised well for the coming session. The officers were all reappointed.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Everything Russian has been in high favour in France for some time past. To be clothed after the manner of the Russian native is held to be patriotic on the part of a French person at the present moment. For our parts, we are going to be more or less Russian, merely because our Parisian fashion philosophers and guides demand it of us. The Russian paletot is the newest and as yet the prevailing shape for autumn mantles, the Cossack blouse is the leading model for the new bodices. It is a shapeless and ungainly object, but, after all, we may comfortably admit it is an improvement on that favourite of last spring, the sack back. The Russian jacket or blouse "fits where it touches." It is, in its unmitigated condition, a loose tunic, reaching to halfway between the waist and the knees, of the same length all round, of one equal width from the bust to the edge of the basque, and only drawn in to the figure at all by a waistband, under which it forms somewhat clumsy pleats—clumsy because the absence of slope in the cut gives excess of material at the waist. That is the outline, the leading notion, of the Russian style, but it presents various modifications.

In the new jackets made in the Cossack or Russian style for the English market, for instance, many are being sloped to the shape at the under-arm seams, so as to reduce the absurd thickness of folded cloth at the waist. Again, to keep the folds at back and front always tidy and well drawn down over the figure, they are often secretly fixed by tiny rows of gathers at the waist, back and front, and the belt, therefore, only makes believe to be holding them in place. In another model the back is carefully fitted to the figure, and so is the front underneath, but it is double-breasted, and the top part (which fastens up at the right side) hangs loose, and is really drawn into place by the belt. Moreover, the trimming used varies much from the genuine Russian fashion. The most correct parements are formed of a somewhat bright embroidery with much scarlet and gold, but both our climate and our customs are against such gorgeous show; and either a narrow band of fur or a subdued braiding is preferred for outdoor jackets. This trimming is sometimes placed straight down the front, sometimes is used as a yoke, and sometimes, when the blouse hooks over to the side, trims the fronts on both sides, so as to outline the figure to some extent. For indoor bodices so made, of course, the brightest Russian embroideries may be used as trimming. Whether for indoors or out, this style suits only slender women. Happily, we are not nowadays obliged to dress in uniform style, and there will be plenty of novelties presently for full figures.

A large number of charming new costumes are worn at Drury Lane in the new play of "The Prodigal Daughter." Not only are there three leading female characters, who all change their dresses in each act, but in the great scene of the steeplechase on the stage (which passes all too rapidly for the intense excitement and interest of it) many of the "supers" are dressed as well as though they were really ladies on a grand stand. Miss Fanny Brough, who has the art of wearing her clothes to perfection, and who is the married lady and peeress of the play, naturally has the smartest things, and they are really studies of new costume. Her outdoor mantle has a yoke and enormously wide puffed sleeves of black moiré; the rest of the garment is a full long skirt of bottle-green cloth, which falls all round straight from the yoke to the feet, the junction of the two materials where the pleats are set in being covered by handsome jet passementerie motifs. A broad-brimmed hat of black velvet, with jet round the stiff edge, and a plume of Prince of Wales feathers, rising above a bow and buckle at the crown, completes this costume. Her evening gown is a pale brocade, made with a long train, and a pointed bodice open in a "V," which is draped round with apple-green velvet and lace, the enormous puff sleeves to the elbow being also of velvet.

Though simpler in style, Miss Millward's gowns are not less handsome and newly designed. One walking dress is of grey crepon trimmed with steel. The plain skirt has three bands of narrow steel passementerie round it, and the tight-fitting bodice has a deep belt and a yoke, both formed on it by a series of rows of the same very narrow trimming. Another extremely pretty indoor toilette is of fawn-coloured cloth, with a broad waistband of silk to match drawn into a deep gold buckle; the bodice is further trimmed by a fichu of guipure lace, which falls in deep epaulette pleats over the top of the arms, and is drawn down to a deep point on the bosom and shoulders. Miss Millward in another act wears a Henri II. cape—reaching only a little below the waist, and made with a deep shoulder-cape—of the new shot velvet, which is to be much used for smart mantles and for trimmings this winter.

Women's interests are being more and more suitably cared for in the Press every year. The *Young Woman* is the title of a new monthly magazine intended by Mr. Frederick Atkins, the editor, "to be interesting and useful to the great body of young women who read and think and take a genuine interest in social and Christian effort," and it succeeds well in reaching this aim. It is difficult to select the best papers where so many are good; but specially interesting are the character sketch, with a charming portrait, of the Countess of Aberdeen; Mr. Stead on Young Women in Journalism; Dr. B. W. Richardson on Physical Exercises for Women; and Mrs. Crawford, the brilliant Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, on the Women of France. Dr. Richardson speaks highly of cycling for girls, and adds, "I have no hesitation in saying that the young woman who is about to learn the art of cycling will do best by choosing the bicycle for the first. Women sit more gracefully on the bicycle than on the tricycle; they work at less labour, and, all things considered, they work at less risk." He remarks that women are hampered by their dress in this exercise, but he does not make so strong a point of this as he might fairly do. The ordinary female skirt is quite unsuited for bicycling, though it may pass on the tricycle. If a costume like that in which Herr Stempel has induced many ladies of social position, pupils of his gymnasium, to give public displays were introduced by the women members of some good cycling club for wear in that exercise, it would be perceived to be so superior in point of modesty as well as of grace and safety, and to attract so little notice after being once seen, that it would be quickly adopted generally.

The Dominion Minister of Finance, who is to visit England in the course of October in company with Sir John Abbott, the Dominion Premier, has been reviewing Canada's commercial position, and denies that the McKinley tariff has isolated the Dominion even in a commercial sense. Before the present United States tariff came into operation, he pointed out, Canada's exports were of the value of \$9,000,000. They have since risen, in 1890, to \$6,750,000, and last year to \$11,000,000; while the exports were last year \$27,500,000, or the largest total during the last twelve years of Canada's existence. This, moreover, did not take account of the fact that equal values were now about 30 per cent. greater in volume than they were ten or fifteen years ago.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Directly the doors of the Lyceum open, the holiday season at the theatres may be said to be over, though it is an unusual occurrence for Mr. Henry Irving and his company to be seen until Christmas is close at hand. When he is not in America, as a rule, he is starring in the provinces, but this year, what with the cares of Shakspeare's "King Lear" and Lord Tennyson's "Becket" staring him in the face, and a new American tour in prospect, the country has had to make the best of it without any visit from Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. So just to open the ball before once more showing the dramatic pageant in "King Henry VIII," it has been very wisely decided to give a few performances of "The Bells," thus giving Miss Terry a little longer holiday and giving all interested playgoers a chance of seeing for the first time or renewing acquaintance with the acknowledged masterpiece of the actor Irving.

By a strange circumstance, "Le Juif Polonais" and "The Bells," both dramatised from a well-known Alsatian romance by Ereckmann-Chatrian, have been revived simultaneously at the first theatres in France and in England. In France, this curious play has always been regarded somewhat in the light of a sensation drama. It was produced originally at an obscure playhouse, the Théâtre Cluny, on June 15, 1869, and brought to light the talent of a hitherto unknown actor, Tallien. But the subscribers to the Comédie Française and the majority of the French critics profess to be very much astonished that such a "mere melodrama" should ever have been promoted to the dignity of a position in the répertoire of the Comédie Française. I am not astonished at it, first, because neither the French subscribers nor the Parisian critics have seen Irving play Mathias; and secondly, because no one save Tallien, and he only in a limited form, has taken the view of the Alsatian burgomaster adopted by our own actor, Irving. The director of the Comédie Française is glad enough to send over to England to borrow the essential features of the Lyceum *decor*, but both Coquelin and Got refuse to adopt Mr. Irving's idea of the character. All of them artists of the first class, they agree to differ. I have seen Coquelin's performance, and, of course, I know Irving's by heart, but there can be no possible question that the English actor's view is by far the most interesting and effective. I thought the Mathias of Coquelin was dull, pointless, and unimaginative to a fault, and, from all I have heard, Got's personation is about as uninteresting. At any rate, the revival of the Français is a failure, while here Irving has made a stronger impression than ever. It is a part that exactly suits the actor's temperament, though I was told the other day that the temperament of an actor has nothing whatever to do with the success or failure of any one performance. With such people it is useless to argue: they simply say that black is white. On the whole, I bracket Mathias with Louis XI. as among the finest things Irving has ever done. The impression made by the first performance I shall never forget, and from the moment it was first seen it has won fresh admirers. Very few people remember that, by a curious accident, two versions in English of "Le Juif Polonais" were produced in London about the same time. One was "The Bells," a tolerably literal translation of the French play by Leopold Lewis, who was literally ruined by his success and went downhill from that moment; the other was a version by Frank Burnand, called "Paul Zegors," by no manner of means a translation, which first saw the light at the Royal Alfred or Marylebone Theatre, when managed by

the late Charles Harcourt. "Paul Zegors" made no impression, though it might have done so had there been an Irving to command; but "The Bells" has held its own from that day to this. It has never once ceased to draw crowded houses; it has never failed to interest and move profoundly an average English audience. Surely "The Bells" is an absolutely unconventional play? Can anyone assert that it is built on ordinary, stereotyped lines? or that it is burdened with "comic relief"? or that it is not a tragedy? or that its interest is not primarily psychological? or that it boasts a "happy ending"? And yet it is continually dinning into our ears that no play has ever succeeded in England, or ever will succeed, that is not conventional or commonplace, or that dares to be a tragedy, or that ends in death and despair. What play is more weird or terrible? what play ends in such gloom and death? And yet this ill-educated, brainless, Philistine public, for whose enlightenment an Independent Theatre has been reared, has never turned its back upon "The Bells"! It was only the other day that one of the most insolent of this dramatic School Board party, who claim for themselves the only skulls of brains that are to be found in the modern playhouse, coolly asserted that the aimless, trashy, conventional, and wearisome plays of the day were quite good enough for the average Philistine playgoer and the average brainless critic. What does such a cheap censor say, then, to the success of "The Bells"? All your Norsemen and Swedes and Belgian Shaksperes put together could not produce a more profoundly moving work. And on what hypothesis is it argued that the public systematically scorns unconventionality? Mr. Irving, in his time, has produced with success more than one unconventional play, but at present there is no Act of Parliament to compel him to dive headlong into the morass to which they tempt him and others with their Jack o' Lantern lights. And why don't these terribly earnest people have the courage of their opinions? Why don't they take theatres to produce these wonderful plays, and manufacture actors to do them justice, and produce a public that is supposed to be panting to see them? We are all waiting patiently to be enlightened and improved and educated, not alone through the dull and ponderous pages of the monthly magazines, but by means of this very stage for which presumably plays are written, but which gives these earnest amateurs such very grave concern.

The patrons of the variety theatres do not disdain a bit of genuine realism when it is well done. Both the Alhambra and the Empire have recently produced ballets of a very realistic tendency, one a boating scene on the Thames, the other a sketch of pure modern London. Success has attended both, and Mr. John Hollingshead as well as the directors of the Empire may be congratulated.

The Liverpool Bankruptcy Court, on Sept. 21, was occupied with the examination of Isaac Parry Lunt, one of the two cotton-brokers' clerks in that town whose enormous frauds, to the aggregate amount of at least £217,000, have ruined several respectable firms engaged in that and other business. The bankrupt named, who is undergoing a sentence of four years' imprisonment for his crimes, having been tried at the Liverpool Assizes, gave a long account of his transactions, and the examination was adjourned to Oct. 20, with little hope of any assets. He is twenty-eight years of age, and had been ten years in the service of Messrs. Reynolds and Gibson, his salary at last being £240 a-year. He and Wilson, his fellow-clerk, thought themselves aggrieved by the deduction of £20 from a Christmas-box, an extra gift

to the clerks, when that sum had accidentally been lost in the office. They determined on revenge, and began a series of forgeries and frauds, by which their employers lost £160,000, Messrs. Isaac Cooke and Sons £28,000, and other persons different amounts, within two years.

The agricultural statistics of Ireland for this year show a slightly increased general cultivation of land under crops, but a decrease of potato-growing; and an increase of meadow, hay, and clover.

According to orthodox Jewish chronology, Thursday, Sept. 22, was the first day of the year 5653 from the creation of the world. It was commemorated in London by special services, conducted by the Chief Rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, at the Great Synagogue, Aldgate; by the Rev. Professor Marks, at the Berkeley Street Synagogue; by the Rev. Dr. Gaster, at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue; by the Rev. S. Singer, at St. Petersburg Place, Notting Hill, and by other ministers at their own meetings.

The Borough Road Polytechnic Institute, in South London, erected by the efforts of a board of governors, including Mr. Edric Bayley, the chairman, Alderman Evan Spicer, Sir Philip Magnus, and others, occupies the buildings formerly used by the British and Foreign School Society's Training College. These were purchased three years ago for £20,000, and have been altered and adapted to the new institution. The formal opening, by Lord Rosebery, was fixed for Sept. 30. The endowment, only £2800 a year, will be increased next year by £1000 annually from the City of London parochial charities, granted by the Charity Commissioners; but at least £5000 a year is needful to complete the provision for technical education.

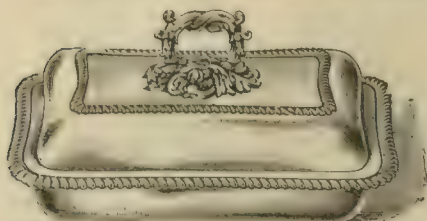
The Keeley treatment of inebriety, now being practised in London, consists, we understand, of a series of hypodermic injections, given (in the arm) four times daily, the substances thus used being graduated or selected by the physician applying them to the exigencies of each individual case. Medicines are also given internally, and alcohol is also provided by the physician, who simply puts the patient *on parole* not to drink any alcoholic liquors other than those given to him (or her) at the Keeley Institute. It is claimed that under the Keeley treatment the patient loses all taste for alcoholics and becomes spontaneously an abstainer. For the opium or morphia habit it is also claimed that this treatment is most effective in inducing a distaste for these narcotics. It is asserted that some 70,000 patients have journeyed to the Keeley Institutes in the United States, and have submitted themselves to the Keeley treatment: the great bulk of these patients have been cured. Dr. Keeley invites the medical profession to see patients treated at 5 p.m. daily, at 5, Portland Place. He maintains secrecy regarding the composition of the remedies and solutions he uses. It is regarded as against the spirit of English medical tradition to employ unknown remedies, and the scientific spirit is naturally averse to undertaking an investigation into effects alone, without opportunity of knowing anything regarding the means or causes on which the results depend. Dr. James Edmunds, one of the founders of the London Temperance Hospital, has, however, given in his adhesion to the Keeley system, a fact already noted in our columns; this physician having been convinced, by what he has himself seen, of the value of this treatment in inebriety and the narcotic habit, and being content, for the present at least, to waive the matter of the exact and scientific knowledge of the remedies used.

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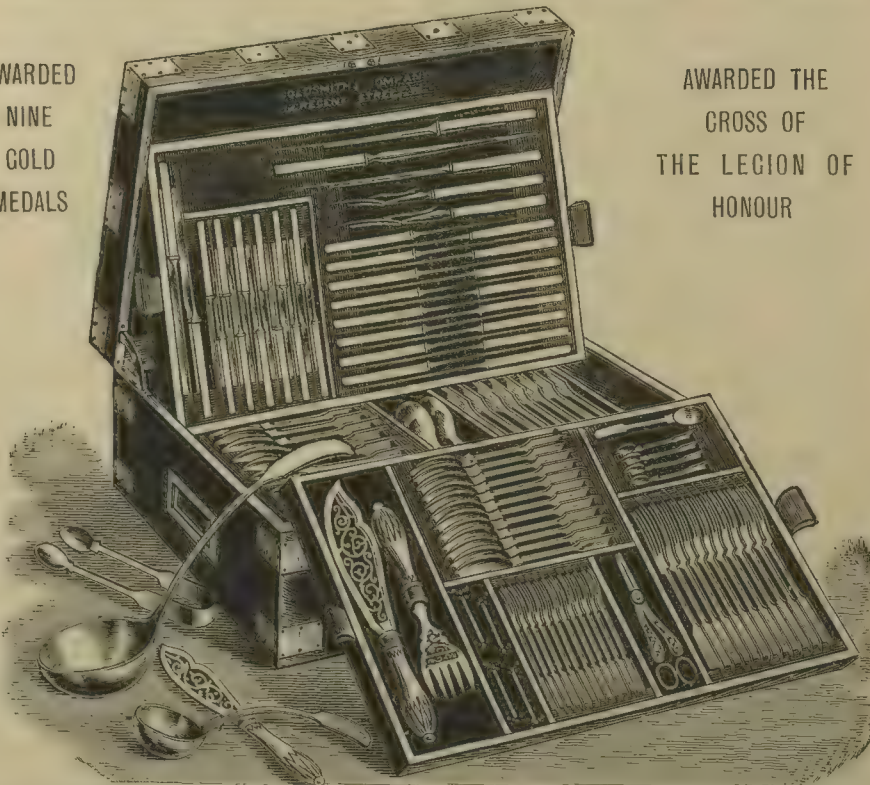


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2 Sauce Ladles.
1 Gravy Spoon.

1 Sugar Spoon.
1 Butter Knife.
1 Caddy Spoon.
1 Sugar Sifter.
1 Sugar Tong.

1 Mustard Spoon.
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Commander A. J. LOFTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.

To J. C. Eno, Esq., London.

Bangkok, Siam, May 1883.

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The will (dated Aug. 18, 1891) of Elizabeth, Lady Crawley-Boevey, late of Flaxley Cottage, Newnham, Gloucestershire, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Sept. 8 by Sir Thomas Hyde Crawley-Boevey, Bart., and James Henry Crawley-Boevey, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to be invested and transferred to the trustees of charitable trusts, and the dividends and income paid to the vicar of the parish of Flaxley as an addition to his stipend; all her furniture, jewellery, and effects, £250, and a further legacy of £4000 to her daughter, Sybella Mary; £2000 to each of her sons, Arthur William, Octavius Charles, James Henry, Richard Lloyd, and Antony Page; £2000, upon trust, for her son Walter Daubeney; £2000, upon trust, for the widow of her late son, Edward Barnston, for life; and £1000,



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upon trust, for her grandson, Martin William Cotton Risley. The residue of her property she gives to her five sons, Arthur William, Octavius Charles, James Henry, Richard Lloyd, and Antony Page, but the share of Octavius Charles is to be double that of each of his brothers.

The will (dated March 11, 1891) of Dame Georgina Watson Copley, late of Sprotborough, Yorkshires, and 8, Petersham Terrace, who died on Jan. 27, has been proved by Colonel Charles Lennox Tredcroft, the brother, and George Robert Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to each of her executors; and £50 to each of her servants, Eliza Mardell and Agnes Buxton, if in her service at her decease. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter, Caroline Selina Watson Copley.

The Board of Trade report on bankruptcy for the year 1891 shows 4216 receiving orders, during the twelvemonth, 3008 deeds of arrangement, with an estimated loss to creditors, in both classes of insolvency, amounting to £9,451,815, exceeding by two millions the loss to creditors in the preceding year, 1890. The average cost of distributing assets under a deed of arrangement is 17.14 per cent.; the costs in bankruptcy average 26.55 per cent. under a private trustee, and 32.65 per cent. when left to the official receiver. Under the Act of 1890, many debtors are forced into bankruptcy whose conduct has been such that the Court refuses to sanction an arrangement with creditors, and the increased stringency of the law has deterred many from applications for a discharge.

DEATH.

On Sept. 23, at his residence, Butterknowle, Wandsworth, George Dixon Longstaff, M.D., in his 94th year.
* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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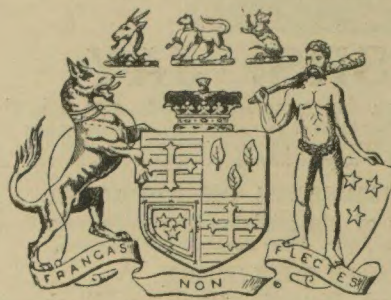
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OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duke of Sutherland, K.G., who died on Sept. 22, after a few days' illness, at his beautiful Scotch residence, Dunrobin Castle, an imposing mansion grafted by Sir Charles Barry, the eminent architect, on a much more ancient house, which, standing on a natural terrace, overlooks the picturesque Bay of Golspie, was at one time a close friend of the Prince of Wales and a notable figure in society. Of late years his Grace, who was fond of yachting and a keen sportsman, had been little seen in London, spending much of his time abroad. The Duke, who was the largest landed proprietor in the country, was the head of the ancient Yorkshire family of Gower of Stittenham. The representative of this honourable house was, in 1702, created Baron Gower, his son Earl Gower in 1746, and his grandson Marquis of Stafford forty years later. The second Marquis of Stafford married Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right (the most ancient peerage in North Britain), and was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833. The late Duke was twice



married—first, in 1849, to the only child of John Hay-Mackenzie, of Newhall and Cromartie, an amiable and accomplished lady, who was a personal friend of the Queen, and for some years held the post of Mistress of the Robes. She was created Countess of Cromartie and Viscountess Tarbat in 1861—honours now held by her second surviving son; and secondly, in 1889, to the widow of the late Arthur K. Blair, formerly of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and daughter of the Rev. Richard Michell, D.D., Principal of Hertford College, Oxford. His Grace, who was nearly sixty-four years of age, is succeeded in the family honours by his eldest surviving son, the Marquis of Stafford, who was born in 1851. He leaves no children by his second marriage.

The Lord Mayor of London has consented to receive subscriptions at the Mansion House to a fund of £6000 required for the purchase and preservation of Nelson's old flag-ship, the Foudroyant, which lies at Swinemünde, on the Baltic coast, in the hands of a German firm intending to break up the ship for timber.

The Turkish Government in the Arabian province of Yemen has had to undertake military operations against the insurgent Chahil Cherefin tribes of mountaineers, who have been defeated with much slaughter. In another Mohammedan empire, nearer to us in Europe, the revolt of the Anjora tribes, between Tangier, Ceuta, and Tetuan, against the Sultan of Morocco's oppressive deputy, Kaid Dris Emkished, appears to have terminated. The worthless Moorish soldiers having failed effectually to subdue those people, the Sultan has pardoned them on certain conditions, and has promised redress of their grievances.

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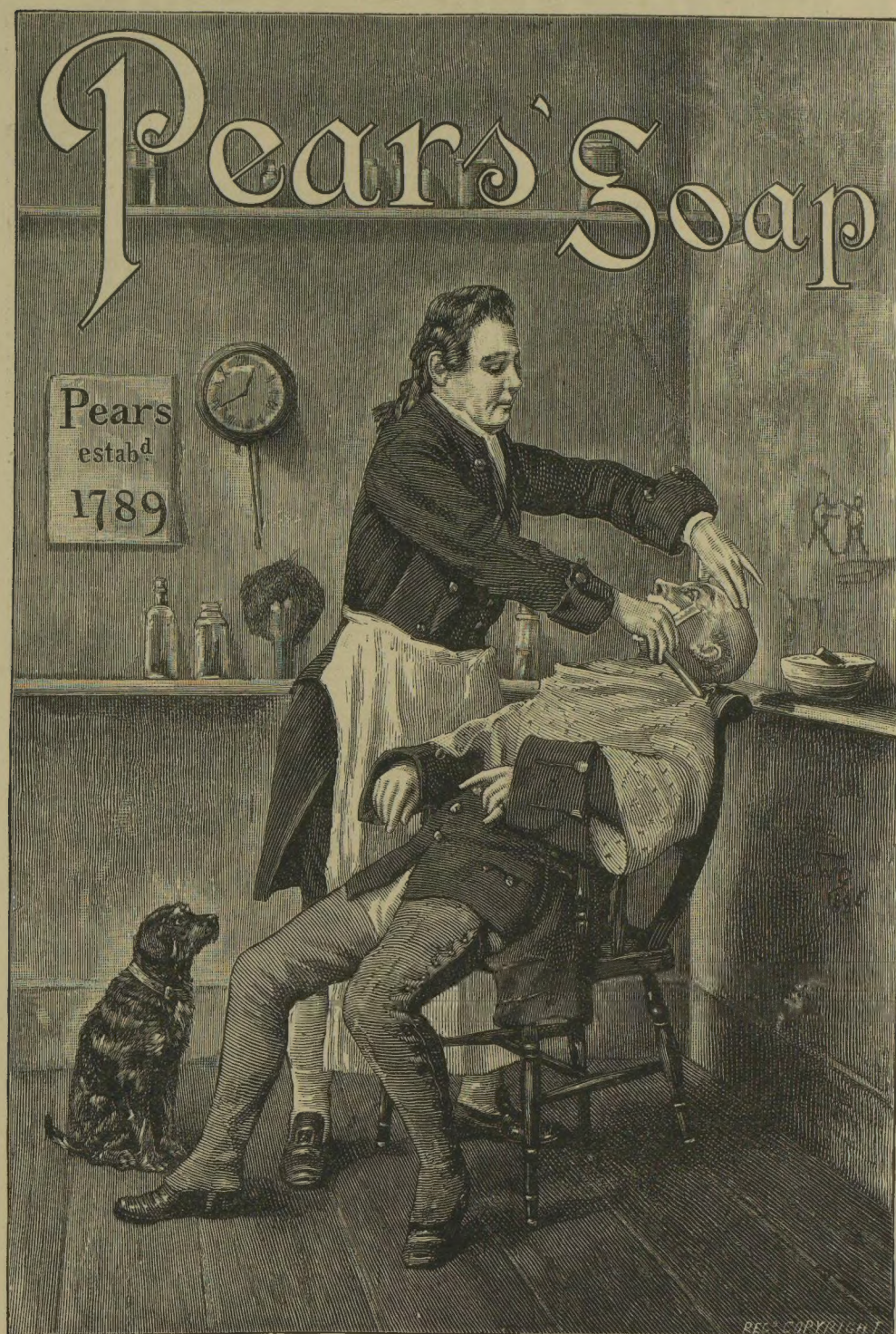
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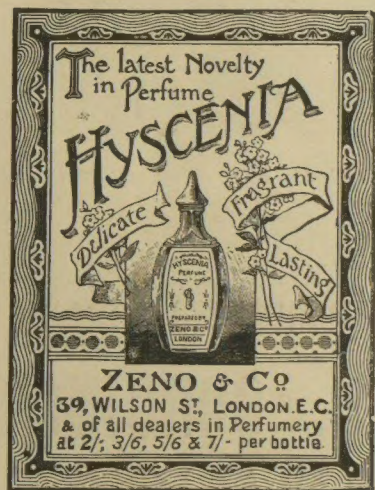
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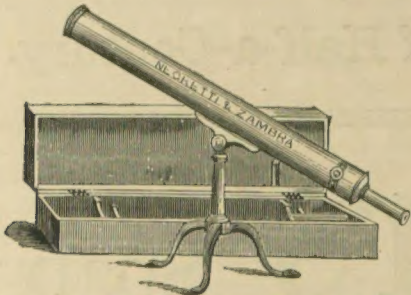


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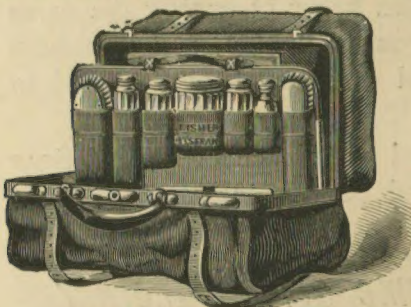
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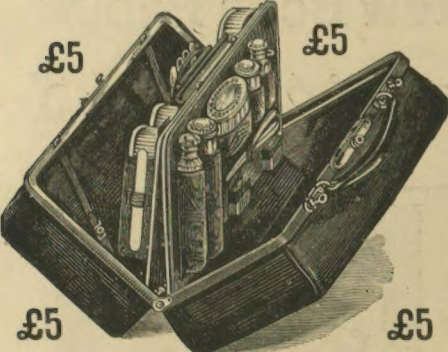
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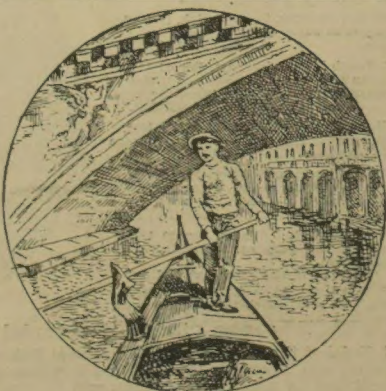
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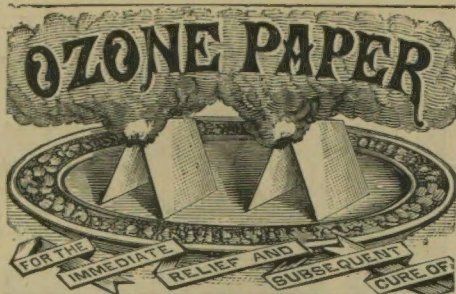


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